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ARCADIA HIGH SCHOOL
ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA

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CREATIVE WRITING

VOLUME TWELVE

1963-64

COMPILED BY

HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE ON CREATIVE WRITING

WALTER WILCOX - CHAIRMAN
RUTH LUBIN - ART CHAIRMAN
DONALD MCGUIGAN
CAROL RODRIGUES

ARCADIA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT
ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA

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FOREWORD

The purpose of our creative writing publication is to present original literary accomplishment of students from all grade levels in the Arcadia Unified School District. All students attempt creative writing in conjunction with regular classroom assignments in English, since the district considers such effort to be an integral part of the language program in the schools. A Creative Writing Committee of teachers carefully selects and judges all work submitted to them by individual classroom teachers. The present publication contains those works which are deemed to have great merit.

Many people have made this publication possible. The district expresses its gratitude to Mr. Walter Wilcox, Chairman of the Creative Writing Committee, and to all of the teachers who deliberated for many hours to select the most worthy of the writings submitted. The teachers who encouraged their students to persist in writing deserve both praise and thanks. The artistic illustrations by students, under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Lubin, Art Chairman, make this truly a student publication.

We hope that the reader will receive great satisfaction and enjoyment in this year's volume of poetry, essays, and short stories.

Burtis E. Taylor
Superintendent

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Address to Life

Life,
Come sit with me for a while.
I know you are always rushing,
pushing, struggling;
But cease your work for a minute.

Stop!
Look back on your race
Where are you going?
Think for awhile if you can.

You,
Are you headed in some direction,
Some order, some goal?
Can you control yourself?

Think!
What is your purpose?
Do you have one?
Will you ever know if you do?

Who
Will bring peace to you?
Oh . . . so you don't know!
For once you make sense!

--Norma Lasser
English II

They Live and Never Learn

I asked him why the bad lived on to see the good die young;
He answered it has always been since the world had first begun.
No matter how much you try to do to help this poor mankind,
There will be those who tear it down and rob the future blind.

And they will live, while you are dead, and reap your harvest bare,
But never sow another seed, just leaving sorrow there.
Some will live on undisturbed while others live in daze,
Not knowing what to do about these cancerous displays.

You sit back, not sounding a word, watching this thing spread;
And I will class you as no good and rather wish you dead!
For you are no better than those who kill and live in senseless hate.
Make up your mind what you are to do for you're playing with your fate.

--Linda Noonan
English II

Smog

The smog comes
in great conqueror boots.

It stands proudly
over factory and residence
on arrogant arches
and does not budge.

--Brad Williams
English II

(I extend my deepest apologies
to Carl Sandburg for writing
this poem.)

Past and present hang in

the closet; the future

is not yet unpacked.

--Carol Strand
English II

ACROSS THE STREET

EACH MORNING AS I SIT AT THE TABLE EATING, I GLANCE ACROSS THE STREET TO WATCH A NEIGHBOR COME OUT TO GET THE MORNING PAPER. HE WADDLES OUT IN UNDERSHIRT AND STRIPED DRAWERS WITH HIS ENORMOUS FEET CRAMMED SNUGLY INTO LEATHERY BEDROOM SLIPPERS. HIS CHUNKY FIGURE WAVERS WITH HIS CUMBERSOME GAIT; THE ROLLS OF FAT RIPPLE BENEATH THE FORM-FITTED TOP. AS HE APPROACHES THE PAPER HE SWINGS HIS HUGE UNSHAVEN FACE FROM SIDE TO SIDE, TO MAKE SURE NO ONE IS OBSERVING HIM; THEN HE SQUATS TO PICK UP THE PAPER. THIS ORDEAL OVER, HE TURNS AND SHUFFLES AWKWARDLY BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE. HE STUMBLES UP THE STEPS, AND HIS BURLY PROFILE DISAPPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

--GRANT HUBBARD
ENGLISH II

ANOTHER KIND OF STORM

WHEN THE AVERAGE PERSON THINKS OF THE SNOW,
HE THINKS AS THE POETS DO.
HE THINKS OF A GENTLE WIND THAT BLOWS
AND OF SHINING SNOWFLAKES, TOO.

BUT A STORM TO ME IS MORE THAN THIS,
AND IT'S MORE THAN THE POETS KNOW.
IT HITS WITH THE FORCE OF A FIGHTER'S FIST
WITH THE TEMPERATURE FAR BELOW.

THE WIND SCREAMS AND HOWLS; IT DOES NOT PURR
WHILE CARRYING COLD AND ICE,
WITH POWER THAT CUTS A JACKET'S FUR
AS EASILY AS A KNIFE.

THE SNOW ISN'T BLOWN BY A GENTLE WIND
IN PATTERNS RESEMBLING LACE.
BUT IT'S DRIVEN AT A DEAFENING DIN,
TRYING TO FREEZE YOUR FACE.

WHEN WALKING THROUGH A POET'S STORM,
THE SNOW FALLS GENTLY DOWN;
BUT WHEN STRUGGLING THROUGH THE STORM I KNOW
IT'S DRIVEN TO THE GROUND.

--JOHN WEIR
ENGLISH II

AUTUMN SHOWERS

THE RAIN FALLS SOFT LIKE THE GOLDEN LEAVES
THAT IN AUTUMN FALL FROM THE MAPLE TREES;
CAUGHT BY BREEZES AND SWIRLED AROUND,
THEN SEEPING WELCOME THROUGH DROUGHT PARCHED GROUND.
THE RAINDROPS BEAT A STEADY PACE.
THERE IS NO HURRY; THERE IS NO RACE.
THE RAIN FALLS FROM THE NEWLY WASHED SKY,
JUST HUNG DRIPPING OUT TO DRY.

--KATHY ARMSTRONG
ENGLISH II

THE DAY I PASS AWAY

ON THE DAY I PASS AWAY THE SUN SHALL BE SO
SORROWED AS TO FALL.
BUT HE WILL LAND
AND BOUNCE BACK TO HIS SKY.
ON THE DAY I DIE, NIGHT'S BLACKNESS SHALL SO
DEEPEN AS TO HIDE THE MOON'S GAY FACE.
BUT THEN
THE DARKNESS WILL DISSOLVE.
ON THE DAY I GO TO HEAVEN ALL OF EARTH'S
FAIR FLOWERS SHALL BE WILTED,
BUT SOON WILL BREATHE,
AND THEN LIVE AGAIN.
ON THE DAY I LEAVE MY FAMILY THEY WILL
MOURN ME.
BUT SOON THEREAFTER
THEY WILL LAUGH AND SMILE AGAIN.

--MARY BRESNAN
ENGLISH II

FAILURE

THE FLOWER BUD THAT DOES NOT BLOOM;
THE LITTLE EGG THAT DOES NOT HATCH;
AND THE CHANGE OF WEATHER WHICH NEVER COMES,
THAT RUINS ALL EXPECTATION.
THE BUTTERFLY THAT NEVER SHEDS ITS COCOON;
THE MISSILE THAT EXPLODES IN MID-AIR;
THE SCIENTIFIC DISEASE CURE THAT DOES NOT WORK;
AND GIVES MORE PEOPLE THE DISEASE.
THE SOCIALLY MISPLACED CRIMINAL;
THE BROKEN MECHANICAL MAN;
REBELLION BY THE MINORITY SECT
THAT ENDS IN DISASTER.
THE WATER MAIN THAT LEAKS;
THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT;
THE UNFINISHED TERM PAPER;
AND THE INCOMPLETE EXAM.
COMMUNISM;
WORLD WAR III;
AND THE BETTER MOUSE-TRAP THAT LOSES MORE CHEESE.
THIS IS FAILURE.

--BRAD WILLIAMS
ENGLISH II

BE PATIENT, THE CLOVER GROWS

THE CLOVER DANCED ABOUT OUR FEET,
A FLOWER IN MY HAIR.
YES, I REMEMBER TWO SO SWEET
THAT PLAYED TOGETHER THERE.

THOUGHTS WERE SHARED, NO WORD WAS SAID;
OUR MINDS WERE THEN CAREFREE.
AND NOW IN CLOVER YOU ARE DEAD;
I CRIED AS YOU LEFT ME.

AND NOW I'M NO MORE YOUNG AND FREE,
BUT WE WILL SHARE LIFE NEW.
I'LL DREAM WHILE CLOVER COVERS ME.
LIKE PAST, WE'LL BE AS TWO.

--LINDA NOONAN
ENGLISH II

OF A THING CALLED LOVE

I REMEMBER THE DAY AS IF IT WERE LAST WEEK; AND, YET, IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A LONG TIME AGO -- JUST AGES. HE WAS LEAVING, GOING TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY TO COLLEGE. HIS DEPARTURE MEANT THE END OF A PERFECT SUMMER ROMANCE: THREE MONTHS OF FUN AND EXCITEMENT. I CAN SEE IT STILL. IT WAS A HOT LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON; AND WE STOOD TOGETHER, THE SUMMER BREEZE PLAYING WITH MY HAIR AND BLOWING A SHOCK OF HIS SANDY HAIR ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD. HE HAD HIS HANDS SHOVED IN HIS POCKETS, HIS EYES GLUED TO THE FLOOR. HOW FUNNY IT SEEMS NOW -- TEN MINUTES UNTIL WE WOULD PART, NOT TO SEE EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME; AND WE JUST STOOD THERE IN SILENCE. WORDS JUST DIDN'T COME. THEN HE LOOKED AT ME, "JESSIE, I LOVE YOU." SIMPLY, "JESSIE, I LOVE YOU," AND THAT BROKE ME UP. AFTER ALL, HE HAD BEEN MY WORLD FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

"OH, MIKE, I REALLY THINK THE WORLD OF YOU, TOO!" I PUT MY THOUGHTS INTO WORDS. HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME, AND SUDDENLY THE TEARS FLOWED. HE BEGAN TALKING ABOUT THE FUNNY AND IDIOTIC THINGS WE'D DONE TOGETHER, AND IN A MOMENT I WAS LAUGHING AND CRYING AT THE SAME TIME.

THE LAST ANNOUNCEMENT CAME OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER FOR THE PASSENGERS TO BOARD, AND WE KNEW THE TIME HAD COME FOR US TO SAY OUR LAST GOOD-BYE. I SNIFFED AND SMILED BRAVELY. HE LEANED DOWN AND KISSED ME GENTLY. "GOOD LUCK, JESSIE. BE GOOD," HE WHISPERED TO ME. HE WIPED THE TEARS OFF MY FACE, BUT IN VAIN, FOR NEW ONES HAD ALREADY FORMED WHERE THE OLD ONES HAD STREAMED DOWN MY CHEEKS. COMPLETELY CHOKED UP, I MANAGED TO SAY, "SAME TO YOU AND REMEMBER TO WRITE."

"I WILL. COME ON, NOW." HE SMILED AND PUSHED HIS HAIR BACK OFF HIS FOREHEAD, PICKED UP HIS SUITCASE AND STARTED TOWARD THE RUNWAY. HE WAVED ALL THE WAY UP THE PLANE STAIRS. I BLEW HIM A KISS AND MOUTHED, "AU REVOIR." HE PAUSED AT THE TOP AND I MADE OUT THE WORDS HE SPOKE. "GOOD-BYE, MY DARLING." HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE BIG JET.

A few minutes later the plane took off, and that was the end. I sobbed all the way back to the car and cried that night.

We wrote infrequently; and, finally, I neither wrote nor received any letters. He was gone -- completely. And, yet, I look back and smile in a sad way. We had fun, but life goes on where love departs. Now I have a new "summer love," and I remember Mike like one remembers the scent of apple blossoms in Spring: sweet in summer, but gone by winter. The scent comes the next spring from new, fresh blossoms. The breeze that had carried love away, returns, bringing a new and different love.

--Benita Marshall
English II

Infinity

It's warm outside, and the breeze is gently rocking my protective cradle. The sun is glowing brightly; I can feel the penetrating rays of warmth as they crash through the walls of my cradle to speed my growth. Eventually I shall burst through the enclosing walls which surround me; and, for the first time, I shall see the light, and get my first view of the world about my elevated perch.

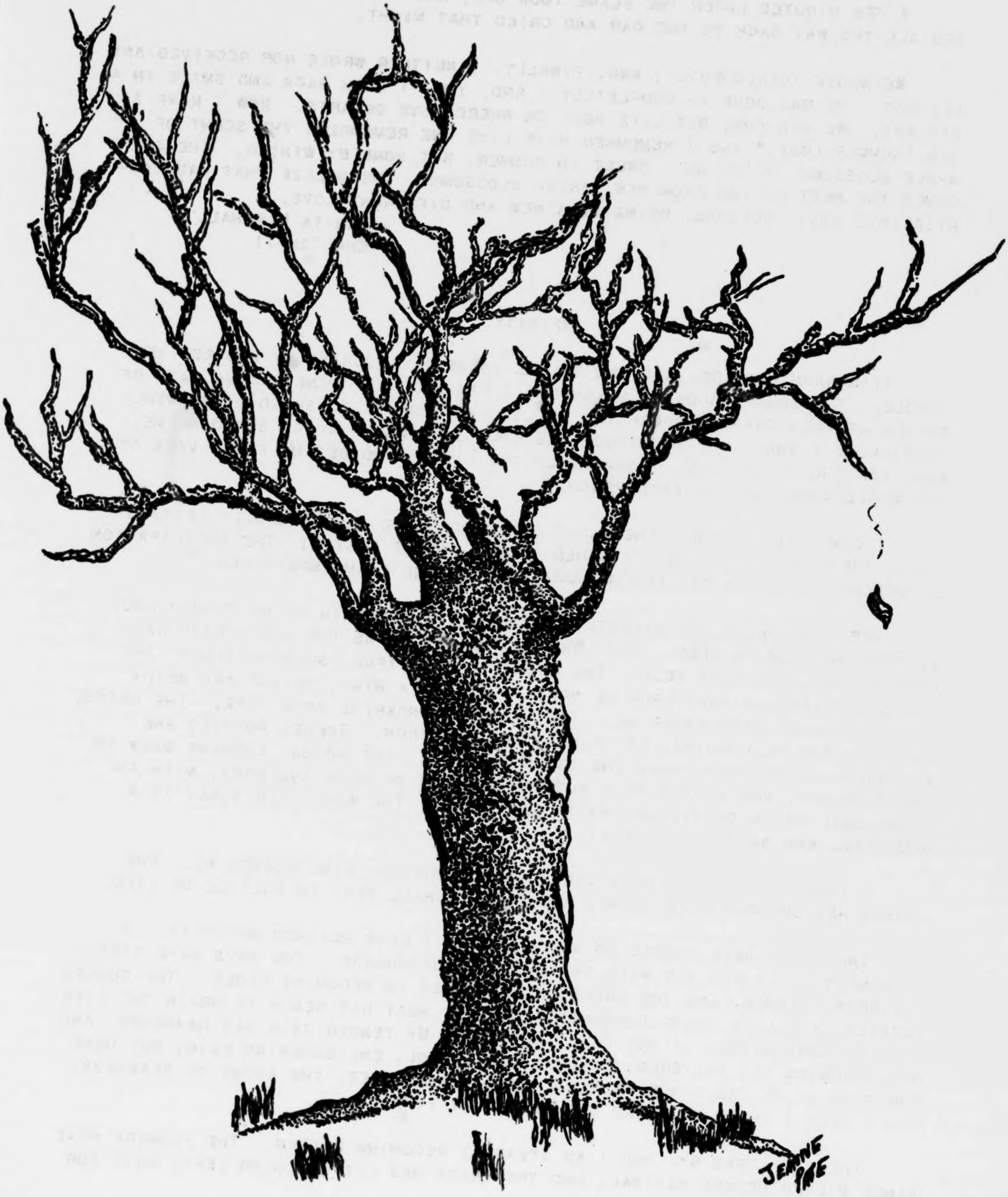
I can feel it now. The walls surrounding me are gradually letting loose their grip. If only I could grow a little faster! The anticipation of seeing the world excites me more each second I am imprisoned.

Yes, the walls are silently cracking. The strain of my tender body is forcing them to open. Oh! What joy fills me as the sun's rays rain upon my new, delicate self. The light is beautiful, so beautiful! The walls have fallen away from me now; I can see a bird, bright and beautiful, perched high above me. The view is wonderful from here. The grass, all dewy and glistening, lay all around my perch. Golden poppies are sprinkled in patches among the green blanket. The woods, looming dark in the distance, are topped by a blended mixture of blue and grey, with an occasional patch of billowy white appearing. The world certainly is a wonderful and beautiful place!

I tingle with happiness every time a gust of wind rushes by. The spring has brought life to me, and here I shall stay to fulfill my life.

The weeks have passed so quickly, and I have reached maturity. A crispness fills the air with the oncoming of change. The days have steadily grown warmer, and the green of the grass is becoming faded. The golden poppies have lost their freshness, and the heat has begun to drain the life from my companions. I too feel the heat. My tender skin has hardened, and my freshness has faltered. I long for a cool, enlightening rain; but hope for such a joy has since passed. Soon I shall feel the agony of weakness, and I fear I shall fall and die before my time.

The days drag by, and I am steadily becoming weaker. The flowers have since wilted beyond revival; and the grass has little color left, save for


JEANNE PAE

THE BASE OF ITS STEM. THERE IS NO BREEZE IN WHICH I CAN PLAY; THERE IS NO BLUE SKY WHICH I CAN ADMIRE. THERE IS ONLY A CALM, MORBID STILLNESS, AND MILKY WHITE ABOVE ME.

THE HEAT HAS SOMEWHAT SUBDUED, YET THE CRISPNESS OF THE AIR BECOMES MORE INTENSE. SUMMER HAS ALMOST PASSED NOW. I KNOW I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, BUT I DO NOT CARE. I HAVE LIVED MY LIFE AS IT WAS INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN LIVED. I HAVE BREATHED THE AIR OF LIFE AND HAVE LOVED EVERY BIT OF IT. YES, MY LIFE WAS AN ENJOYABLE ONE; AND I AM NOT SORRY IT IS ALMOST OVER.

THERE IS LITTLE TIME LEFT NOW, FOR MY SKIN HAS BEGUN TO TURN A DEEP SHADE OF RED. I HAVE WEAKENED TERRIBLY IN THE PAST WEEK OR SO, AND THE FEAR OF FALLING GRASPS ME AT THE SLIGHTEST PROSPECT OF A BREEZE.

THE PASSING DAYS HAVE CAUSED MY EDGES TO YELLOW, AND I NOW RESEMBLE A PAINTED CLOWN. I KNOW THAT MY TIME HAS COME, FOR BESIDE ME MY COMPANIONS HAVE FALLEN. YES, IT IS TIME NOW. I AM THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE, AND I AM GENTLY FALLING TO THE EARTH THAT I LOVE.

--JAYDE CHAMBERS
ENGLISH II

YOU MIGHT BE HURT

IT IS REALLY QUITE A STRANGE THING THAT WITH THE DESIRE OF MAN TO BE LIKED AND ACCEPTED, HE WILL COMPLETELY SUPPRESS AND SUBDUE HIS OWN THOUGHTS AND CONVICTIONS TO INSURE THAT NO ONE WILL BE OFFENDED IN ANY WAY. IN 1928, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, I WAS ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE MY POSITION IN THE WORLD AND SO HASTENED NOT TO PROVOKE ANYONE; HOWEVER, UNLIKE SOME OF THE STUDENTS, I WAS APPALLED AT THE ACTIONS OF A MINORITY GROUP WHICH PROFESSED THE VIEWS OF ADOLPH HITLER AND NAZISM. SIMPLY BECAUSE OF THEIR PLANS FOR A NEW GERMANY TO RISE FROM THE RUINS, THERE WAS WIDE SUPPORT FOR THEIR PROGRAM. BUT I FELT THAT THE OTHER PHILOSOPHIES AND BELIEFS OF THIS FACTION MADE THEM DANGEROUS MEMBERS OF OUR STRUGGLING REPUBLICAN SOCIETY.

I EXPRESSED THESE IDEAS TO SOME OF MY FRIENDS WHO ARE, UNFORTUNATELY, RATHER APATHETIC IN MATTERS OF THE WORLD. THEY ADVISED ME NOT TO GO AGAINST THIS MOVEMENT EVEN THOUGH IT WAS STILL IN ITS BEGINNINGS. "WHY," THEY ASKED ME, "MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOURSELF AND OTHERS WHEN, BY SAYING NOTHING, ALL COULD BE AVOIDED? YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE WORLD; DON'T TRY. AFTER ALL," THEY ARGUED, "IF YOU TRY SOMETHING TOO GREAT OR RADICAL OR TOO DANGEROUS, SOMEONE MAY NOT LIKE IT; AND YOU COULD GET HURT." SO I SUCCUMBED TO THIS REASONING AND SUBDUED MY THOUGHTS AND OBJECTIONS IN REGARD TO THIS MATTER. SURELY SOMEONE ELSE WOULD ATTACK THESE DANGEROUS PHILOSOPHIES; SOMEONE ELSE WOULD JEOPARDIZE THEMSELVES AND EXPRESS VIEWS CORRESPONDING TO MY OWN.

WELL, AS YOU KNOW, THAT SOMEONE DID NOT APPEAR OR WAS TOO LATE OR WAS TOO WEAK. BECAUSE TOO MANY LOGICAL PEOPLE DID NOT USE THEIR LOGIC, TOO MANY INDIVIDUALS WERE SWAYED BY THOSE FANATICS AND FORGED INTO ONE POWERFUL MASS. THERE WAS SIMPLY NO ARGUMENT OR DISCUSSION OF OTHER POINTS OF VIEW. NO ONE FOUGHT THE FAULTY REASONING OF THIS GROUP. NO ONE HALTED THE SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES THESE POLICIES COULD AND WOULD HAVE ON OUR NATION. WE WERE ALL EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT; WE WERE ALL AFRAID WE MIGHT GET HURT.

AND THEN IN 1934, IT WAS TOO LATE. AND PEOPLE BEGAN TO GET HURT.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS HEARD THAT INTENSIFIED POUNDING ON THEIR DOORS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. THEIR RELIGION EXCLUDED THEM FROM THE MASTER RACE. I VIOLATED THE SILENCE I HAD IMPOSED ON MYSELF; I PROTESTED. TO MY FRIENDS, MY NEIGHBORS, AND THE AUTHORITIES, I PROTESTED. I AIRED MY GRIEVANCES AND DISCUSSED MY "UNPATRIOTIC" CONVICTIONS.

WELL, OF COURSE I LISTENED TO THE INTENSIFIED POUNDING WITH DISBELIEF; AND THEN THE SUDDEN REALIZATION OF FEAR AND PANIC SWEPT OVER ME. IN A FEW DAYS I, TOO, WILL ANSWER FOR MY CRIME AGAINST THE STATE. SO, TO ALL OF YOU WHO MAY BE TEMPTED TO DISSENT AND OBJECT WHEN YOUR CONSCIENCE DEMANDS IT, I PASS ON THIS ADVICE: DON'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE; YOU MIGHT GET HURT.

--GARY OWEN
ENGLISH II

FATAL RAIN

A DARK, WINDSWEPT NIGHT
WEARS ON.
FAR OFF CAN BE HEARD
THE BLEAK CLATTER OF A MAN'S SHOES,
ECHOING ON HOLLOW RINGING PAVEMENT.
SUDDEN SILENCE FALLS.
THE AIR HAS BECOME STRANGELY STILL;
COLD, ENVELOPING BLACKNESS HAS DESCENDED,
PIERCED ONLY BY THE CHILLED GLEAM OF A HAZY STAR.
BUILDINGS WHICH SEEM TO RISE OUT OF THE GLOOM
AND CLIMB TO INFINITY
CLUTTER THE SKYLINE.
A LIGHT RAIN IS BEGINNING TO FALL,
BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO ENJOY IT...

THIS IS A NEW KIND OF RAIN.

--JULIE STEIN
ENGLISH II

THE LESSON

JANIE WOKE EAGER TO GREET THE DAWN. THE SUN WAS SHINING, AND A WARMNESS FILLED HER HEART. SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN HER VERY BEST AND WITH A MOISTENED HAND SMOOTHED HER CURLS INTO PLACE. HER BIG BROWN EYES WERE FLASHING WITH EXCITEMENT. A SMILE WAS ON HER LIPS. TODAY WOULD BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF DAYS IN HER LIFE. TODAY, SHE WOULD BEGIN SCHOOL.

THE LITTLE GIRL PLACED A KISS ON HER MOTHER'S CHEEK AND SKIPPED OFF TOWARDS SCHOOL. AS MADISON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CAME INTO VIEW, JANIE'S SPIRITS SOARED. THE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING ON THE PLAYGROUND, AND SHE COULD HEAR THEIR HAPPY CHATTER AND OCCASIONAL LAUGHTER. SHE WANTED SO MUCH TO BE ONE OF THEM.

SHE WALKED THROUGH THE BIG IRON GATE AND PAUSED TO LOOK AT HER CLASSMATES. THERE WERE THREE GIRLS PLAYING JACKS NOT FAR FROM JANIE. ONE OF THE GIRLS HAD BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN HAIR. SEVERAL CHILDREN WERE ON THE SWINGS, AND STILL OTHERS WERE WAITING TO COME DOWN THE SLIDE. THE BELL RANG, AND IT CAME TIME FOR SCHOOL TO BEGIN.

JANIE WALKED INTO THE CLASSROOM AND CHOSE A DESK IN THE FRONT ROW. THE TEACHER THEN HAD EACH OF THE STUDENTS STAND AND GIVE HIS NAME. WHEN IT CAME HER TURN TO STAND, JANIE PROUDLY ROSE AND SAID, "MY NAME IS JANIE WHITE." SHE COULD HEAR WHISPERING AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM, AND THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY HAIR LAUGHED OUT LOUD. HOTNESS AND COLOR CREPT INTO HER FACE, AND JANIE SLID DOWN INTO HER SEAT. THERE WAS AN UNEASINESS ABOUT THE ROOM, AND JANIE COULD FEEL THE STARE OF THE CHILDREN AT HER. THE LESSONS BEGAN, BUT THE UNEASINESS REMAINED.

THE BELL FOR RECESS CAME AS A WELCOME RELIEF, AND SHE FOLLOWED THE CHILDREN TO THE PLAYGROUND. JANIE CONFRONTED A GROUP OF GIRLS AND ASKED IF SHE COULD PLAY WITH THEM. THEY ONLY TURNED AWAY. THROUGH THE CORNERS OF HER EYES, SHE COULD SEE THE CHILDREN POINTING AT HER. AWKWARDLY, JANIE TURNED TO WALK AWAY; BUT HER FOOT CAUGHT IN A CREVICE IN THE PAVEMENT, AND SHE FELL TO THE GROUND. TEARS SPRANG TO HER EYES, AND HER HEART BEAT WILDLY, NOT FROM THE HURT OF THE FALL, BUT BECAUSE ALL THE CHILDREN HAD GATHERED AROUND HER AND WERE LAUGHING. THEY BEGAN CALLING HER NAMES; AND JANIE HEARD SOMEONE YELL, "GO HOME, BLACK GIRL!"

IT WAS MORE THAN THE LITTLE CHILD COULD TAKE. JANIE QUICKLY GOT UP AND BEGAN RUNNING AS FAST AS HER SMALL LEGS COULD CARRY HER. THE RUSHING WIND MADE HER HOT TEARS STING HER EYES, BUT SHE KEPT ON RUNNING. RUNNING AND RUNNING AND RUNNING. NEVER ONCE DID JANIE LOOK BACK, AND NEVER AGAIN WOULD SHE GO BACK.

THE LITTLE ONE RAN UP THE STEPS TO HER HOUSE, THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, AND INTO THE ARMS OF HER MOTHER. SHE CRIED AND CRIED, AND HER SMALL BODY SHOOK. "OH, MAMA," SHE SOBBED. "WHY DO THEY LAUGH AT ME? I LOVE EVERYTHING THAT THEY DO, BUT THEY HATE ME. I LOVE THE RAIN, I LOVE THE FLOWERS AND TREES, AND I LOVE GOD. I EVEN LOVED THEM. WHY DON'T THEY LOVE ME?"

COMFORTINGLY, MAMA HELD JANIE CLOSE TO HER. WITH A TEAR ROLLING DOWN HER CHEEK, ALL SHE COULD MANAGE TO SAY WAS, "JANIE, I LOVE YOU."

--CHRIS MAYER
ENGLISH II

DEATH AND DANDELIONS

"JENNY, JENNY, LOOK OVER HERE -- FLOWERS!"

"HM?" THE TALL GIRL BROUGHT HERSELF SHARPLY OUT OF A DAYDREAM AND FOCUSED HER ATTENTION ON THE TOWHEADED LITTLE BOY WHO WAS SCRAMBLING OVER THE CHARRED RUINS OF A BOMBED-OUT BANK TOWARD A CLUMP OF STRAGGLING DANDELIONS.

"THAT'S WONDERFUL, MICHAEL," SHE CRIED WITH ENTHUSIASM. "IF YOU BRING THEM HOME WE CAN PUT THEM IN A JAR IN THE SHELTER."

"YEAH." CLUTCHING THE DANDELIONS IN ONE HAND, MICHAEL PICKED HIS WAY BACK THROUGH THE WRECKAGE TOWARD HIS SISTER. HE SAT DOWN ON A CRUMBLING BRICK LEDGE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HER. "REMEMBER WHEN THIS USED TO BE THE BANK?"

"UH HUH. I'LL BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE PICKING FLOWERS IN THE BANK, DID YOU?"

MICHAEL GIGGLED AND THEN FELL SILENT. "JEN..."

"YEAH?"

"WHEN WILL THE WAR BE OVER?"

SHE TURNED TO HER LITTLE BROTHER. HIS BIG DARK EYES WERE TROUBLED WITH A WEIGHT FAR TOO HEAVY FOR A SIX YEAR OLD TO HAVE TO BEAR.

JENNY SIGHED. "I DON'T KNOW, MICHAEL. I JUST DON'T KNOW." SHE LET HER GAZE WANDER OVER THE WRECKAGE OF THE CITY. MANY BUILDINGS WERE STILL STANDING, BUT AN EQUAL NUMBER HAD FALLEN PREY TO THE HEEDLESS BOMBS.

THE BOMBERS DID NOT USUALLY COME OVER IN THE DAYTIME, SO IT WAS FAIRLY SAFE TO LEAVE THE SHELTERS. SHE WATCHED SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE SCAVENGING AMONG THE RUINS.

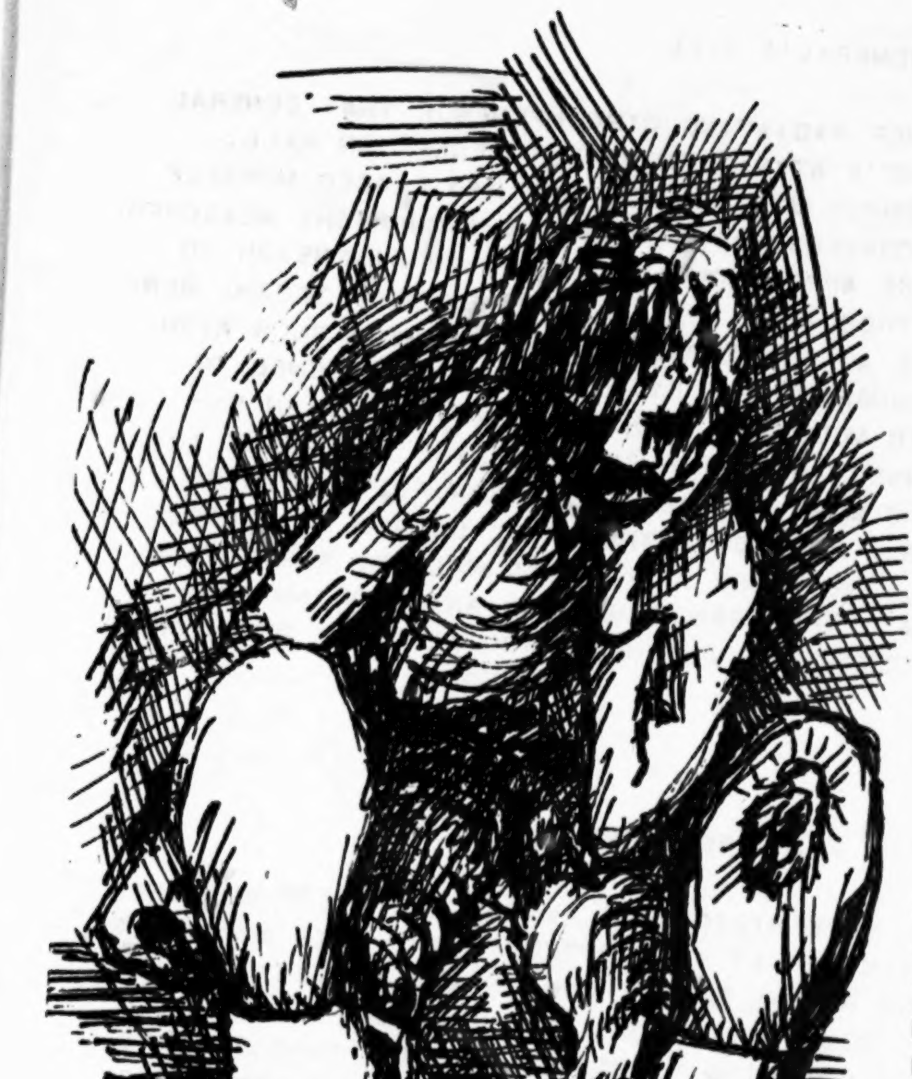
SUDDENLY SHE HEARD THE DRONE OF AN AIRPLANE OVERHEAD. SHOCKED THAT SHE HAD NOT PERCEIVED IT SOONER, SHE OPENED HER MOUTH TO CRY OUT. AT THE SAME MOMENT A WOMAN SHRIEKED, AND AN EXPLOSION ROCKED THE EARTH. THE IMPACT PULLED JENNY DOWN. HER CHIN HIT THE GROUND WITH A THUD, AND HER MOUTH FILLED WITH DIRT. FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS SHE LAY PARALYZED AGAINST THE EARTH. SLOWLY SHE OPENED HER EYES, RAISED HERSELF TO HER ELBOWS, AND PEERED THROUGH THE SMOKE FOR HER LITTLE BROTHER. WHEN HER EYES FOUND HIM, SHE UTTERED A GASP, AN AGONIZING MIXTURE OF HORROR AND SUFFERING. A PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED OAK BEAM HAD SLIPPED FROM THE BUILDING'S SKELETON STRUCTURE AND HIT MICHAEL SQUARELY ACROSS THE NECK.

SLUMPING TO THE GROUND, HER BODY CONVULSED AS SHE SOBBED OUT THE GRIEF OF THE THOUSANDS OF MICHAELS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WHO MUST PAY SO ATROCIOUSLY FOR A CRIME THEY COULD NOT EVEN COMPREHEND.

WHEN SHE FINALLY CEASED WEEPING, SHE LAY WITH HER FACE IN THE DIRT AS ALL EMOTION DRAINED OUT OF HER LIKE WATER FROM A SPONGE. DAZEDLY, MECHANICALLY, SHE PULLED HERSELF TO HER FEET, STUMBLED OVER TO HER BROTHER, AND SOMEHOW MANAGED TO EASE HIS BODY OUT FROM UNDER THE BEAM. IF SHE COULD GET HOME TO THE SHELTER IN TIME, SHE COULD LIVE OUT THE REST OF TODAY AND A THOUSAND EMPTY TOMORROWS.

AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE, SHE REACHED DOWN FOR MICHAEL'S BODY WITH HER DIRT-CAKED ARMS. AS SHE LIFTED HIM, TWO YELLOW DANDELIONS FLUTTERED DOWN FROM HIS LIMP HAND, WERE PICKED UP BY THE WIND, AND DRAGGED MERCILESSLY ALONG THE GROUND.

--ELLEN SAMSON
ENGLISH II



RAY HANSEN

THE EMPTY BEER CAN

THE FRESHLY EMPTIED BEER CAN, SET SO CARELESSLY ON THE TABLE, TOTTERED, FELL, AND ROLLED SLOWLY TO THE EDGE. THE CONTAINER CLATTERED TO THE COLD CEMENT FLOOR OF THE ONE ROOM APARTMENT IN THE BASEMENT OF THE DILAPIDATED APARTMENT HOUSE LOCATED IN THE MIDST OF THE SLUMS. THE OLD MAN STARTED AS IF TO PICK UP THE DISCARDED CAN, BUT HESITATED, THINKING PERHAPS THAT ONE MORE ITEM WOULD HAVE NO DETRIMENTAL EFFECT ON THE ALREADY LITTER-STREWN ROOM.

JOSH PETERS HAD NOT KNOWN PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT IN THREE MONTHS, AND EVEN THEN HE HAD ONLY THE PART TIME JOB OF CLEAN UP MAN AT THE MILL. JOSH HAD NOW PRACTICALLY EXHAUSTED THE LITTLE CHARITY AFFORDED HIM FROM THE MEAGER FUNDS OF HIS FEW FRIENDS. HE WAS NOW FACED WITH THE NEAR IMPOSSIBILITY OF GETTING A JOB.

WHILE CONTEMPLATING HIS FUTURE, HE AROSE FROM HIS COT AND SAUNTERED OVER TO THE ICE-BOX. HE OPENED THE DOOR AND WITHDREW THE ONE REMAINING CAN OF BEER. FROM THIS CAN HE WOULD GAIN THE SELF-CONFIDENCE, THE INCENTIVE TO GO OUT AND GET THAT JOB WHICH HE SO DESPERATELY NEEDED. HE WADED THROUGH THE LITTER AND SAT ONCE AGAIN ON HIS COT. SURE, HE WOULD GET THAT JOB . . . TOMORROW!

A NEWLY EMPTIED BEER CAN, SET SO CARELESSLY ON THE TABLE, TOTTERED, FELL, AND ROLLED TO THE EDGE. IT CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR. THE OLD MAN ON THE BED STARTED AS IF TO PICK IT UP, BUT RECONSIDERING, HE ROLLED OVER AND WENT TO SLEEP.

--CHRIS JACKSON
ENGLISH III

THE GENERAL'S WIFE

PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE OF HER RADIATING CIRCUMFERENCE THAT GENERAL MARKER'S WIFE FIRST ATTRACTED ONE'S ATTENTION IN THE RECEPTION HALL. WITH THE PRECISION OF AN EXPERIENCED STRATEGIST, SHE HAD PLACED HERSELF AMIDST A CIRCLE OF INFLUENTIAL CONVERSATIONALISTS. ALTHOUGH SHE MEASURED JUST SHORT OF 5' 3", HER AUDIENCE APPEARED LILLIPUTIAN IN DIMENSION TO HER BEJEWELED BULK. HER LIPS, INDELIBLY TRADEMARKED BY BUCK TEETH, WERE JUST A LITTLE TOO QUICK TO SMILE AT THE AMBASSADOR, PURPOSELY SLOW WITH LIEUTENANT WHIPPLE'S WIFE. THROUGHOUT THE EVENING THE HALL SEEMED TO REVERBERATE WITH HER NASAL TONED MODESTY. "THIS DECORATION IS AN EXQUISITE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF EXPENSE! WHY, I MUST LOOK LIKE A PEASANT INVITED TO A KING'S BANQUET!" THE MOST INTERESTING INCONGRUITY TO HER OUTWARD APPEARANCE WAS HER EYES. SOME SAID THEY WERE GOLDEN IN COLOR. TO THE ACUTE OBSERVER, HOWEVER, THEY WERE A CORRODED YELLOW, REFLECTING AN INNER STATE OF TRUE HYSTERIA. THE GRAND LADY, AN ANACHRONISM FROM THE VICTORIAN ERA, WAS A HALF CENTURY'S VICTIM OF SOCIAL-CASTE DEBAUCHERY.

--KAY EDGAR
ENGLISH III

WHAT IS THIS CREATURE?

"WHAT IS THIS CREATURE -- THIS RIDICULOUS ALIEN CREATURE?" WONDERED THE CAPTAIN AS HE LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AT THE GROTESQUE APE-LIKE APPENDAGES THAT PROTRUDED FROM THE CORNERS OF THE BEING, AS STREETS CONNECT TO AN INTERSECTION. HE CONJECTURED "WOULD IT CRINGE IF I JABBED IT IN THE MIDDLE, WHERE ITS TANNISH INNER COVERING SEEMS TO PEER OUT THROUGH THAT LARGE GAP IN ITS RED AND BLUE OUTER COVERING? OF COURSE IT WOULD. LOOK HOW IT STARES AT THE GUN IN MY HAND. NATURALLY, SUCH A LOW FORM OF LIFE WOULD FEAR FOR ITS EXISTENCE IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH A SUPERIOR BEING AS MYSELF. YES, DO LOOK AT THOSE EYES. THEY'RE QUITE REMARKABLE, YOU KNOW. THEY'RE JUST LIKE THE HARD, COLD MARBLES I USED TO AMUSE MYSELF WITH WHEN I WAS YOUNG. THE BLOODY THINGS QUITE UNNERVE ME." WHEN HE SHIFTED HIS GAZE, THE CAPTAIN NOTICED THE PROFUSION OF BROWN FUR ON ITS TOP. "STRANGE STUFF THAT FUR. I THINK I'LL HAVE KENSINGTON LOOK INTO THIS IN THE MORNING. DEUCEDLY QUEER THIS CREATURE; HOWEVER, KENSINGTON SAYS 'IT'S THE MOST INTELLIGENT FORM OF LIFE ON THE PLANET EARTH.'"

--SYLVIA DAYTON
ENGLISH III

CLYDE'S PLIGHT

THERE ONCE LIVED A SAILOR NAMED CLYDE,
WHO SAILED HIS NEW YACHT WITH GREAT PRIDE.
BUT WITH A ROLL OF THE SHIP,
OFF THE DECK HE DID SLIP;
AND POOR CLYDE WASHED ASHORE WITH THE TIDE.

--TOM ALLEN
ENGLISH III

THE WIND-SONG

THE WIND MAKES A WISH ON A DANDELION PUFFBALL,
SHATTERING THE GLOBE INTO DOWNY FRAGMENTS,
EACH A SEED, A CHILD OF LIFE,
BORNE ON SILKEN WINGS INTO WIND'S ARMS.

SINGS WIND, "I WISH FOR LIFE, FOR LIFE,
MOTHERED BY EARTH AND FATHERED BY SKY.
FLY WITH ME, CHILDREN, AND I WILL TAKE YOU
TO FIELDS, YARDS, AND VACANT LOTS,
NEAR AND FAR FROM HOMES OF MEN.
THEN I WILL GENTLY PLACE YOU
AT EARTH'S BREAST,
THAT SHE MAY NOURISH YOU
AND SKY MAY GUIDE YOU.
FLY WITH ME. I WISH FOR LIFE."

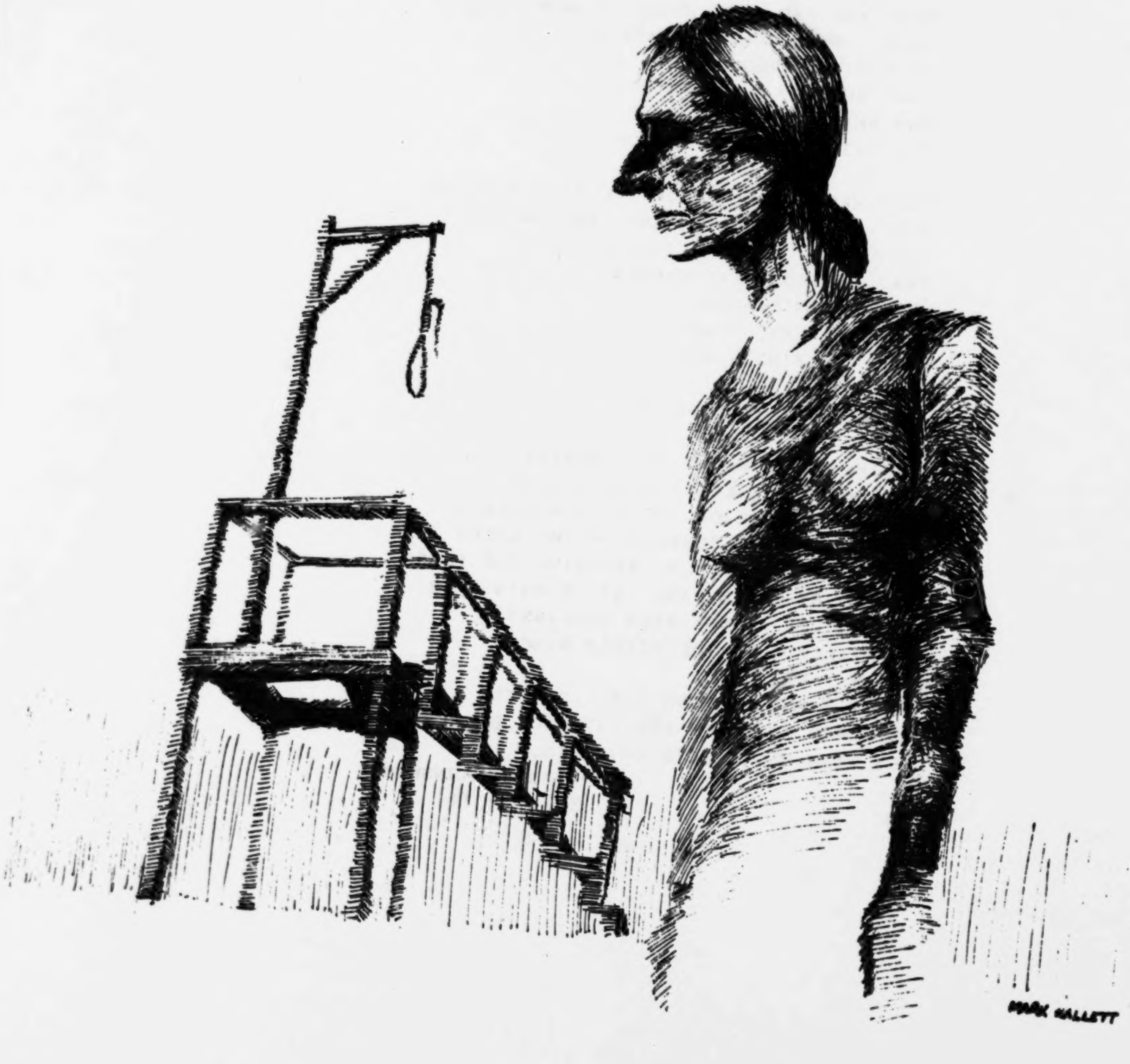
WHAT HEED TAKE MEN OF THE WIND'S WISH?
MEN ARE IMMURED IN FEAR AND HATRED.
THEY SOW BOMBS, MALIGNANT SEEDS
THAT BLOSSOM INTO FLOWERS OF DEATH
UPON EARTH'S BOSOM
AND HIDE SKY'S FACE
AND FOUL WIND'S BREATH WITH POISON.

SINGS WIND, "I WISH FOR LIFE, FOR LIFE."

A GIRL-CHILD WALKS IN A GRASSY FIELD,
LONG HAIR LIFTED BY WIND'S HAND.
SHE PLUCKS ONE OF THE SILKEN GLOBES
THAT REST LIKE BUBBLES ON THE GREEN
AND BLOWS IT SOFTLY, WATCHING THE SEEDS
WAFTED BY HER BREATH INTO WIND'S ARMS.
SHE SMILES AS SHE SEES SUNLIGHT
SCINTILLATE ON THE PEARLY WINGS.

SINGS WIND, "I WISH FOR LIFE, FOR LIFE,
MOTHERED BY EARTH AND FATHERED BY SKY.
FLY WITH ME, LIFE'S CHILDREN."

--CONNIE EARNSHAW
ENGLISH III


MARK HALLETT

TRANSITION

THE SKY WAS OVERCAST. THE OLD GRAY BUILDINGS STOOD DEJECTEDLY AMONG DYING OAK TREES HUNG WITH DEAD MISTLETOE. THE FLOOR BOARDS OF THE DESERTED C.O.'S OFFICE WERE ROTTED THROUGH, AND THE DAMP DIRT UNDERNEATH LOOKED MOLDY IN THE DARK SHADOWS. A SMALL GIRL, ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OLD, WITH DEWY BROWN EYES, SEARCHED AMONG THE OLD BUILDINGS. SUDDENLY SHE WAS AWARE OF SOME FOREBODING OBJECT. THE CHILD TURNED, AND THERE, STANDING IN THE DRIZZLE, ITS GRAY, WEATHERED BOARDS STILL ERECT, WAS THE OLD GALLOWS. THE THIRTEEN STEPS LED UP TO THE WEATHERED PLATFORM WITH ITS RUSTY TRAP SPRINGS. FROM THE CROSS-TREE HUNG THE RAT-GNAWED REMNANTS OF THE GALLOWS ROPE; THE NOOSE SWUNG SLIGHTLY IN THE RAIN. NOW AND THEN, THE NOOSE FRAMED THE DYING SUN, THE COLOR OF WHICH WAS MATCHED SHADE FOR SHADE BY THE GIRL'S HAIR. THE RAUCOUS CRY OF A RAVEN BROKE THE DEATH SILENCE, AND THE SUN, HUNG BY ITS NECK, DROPPED BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS -- DEAD. THE OLD GALLOWS TURNED GRAY IN THE DYING LIGHT, THEN STOOD OUT IN GHOSTLY SPLENDOR AS THE SOUL OF THE DEAD SUN ROSE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

IT WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO TURNED FROM THE GALLOWS, HER EYES CHILLED WITH FEAR. IT WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO RAN, SCREAMING, FROM THE FORT. AND THE GALLOWS STOOD TALL AND WHITE IN THE MOONLIGHT. THE RAT-GNAWED ROPE SWUNG SLIGHTLY IN THE RAIN. NOW AND THEN IT FRAMED THE RISING SUN-SOUL WHOSE COLOR WAS MATCHED LIGHT FOR LIGHT BY THE HAIR OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO RAN, SCREAMING, FROM THE FORT.

--JO ANN SALLEY
ENGLISH III

HIM

HE NEVER SAYS THANK YOU,
HE NEVER SAYS PLEASE.
HE NEVER WOULD DARE,
GET DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

HE NEVER ASKS,
HE ALWAYS TELLS.
WHEN HE GETS MAD,
HE USUALLY YELLS.

HE DRIVES HIS CAR,
LIKE IT'S GOING OUT OF STYLE.
YOUR LIFE IS AT STAKE,
WITH EVERY NEW MILE.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED,
BUT HE'S A BORN CLOWN.
FROM DAWN TO DARK,
HE JUST FOOLS AROUND.

THE FACT THAT I FIND,
EXTREMELY ALARMING.
IS THE FACT THAT I FIND HIM,
UTTERLY CHARMING!

--MAUREEN DAY
ENGLISH III

FIRE

A GOLD-RED CLIFF IS BLAZING
AGAINST THE CRIMSON SKY,
AND SAVAGE WINDS ARE TOSSING,
LEAPING FLAMES NOW BURNING HIGH.

A STATELY TREE, ONCE STANDING
AT A MOUNTAIN'S GRACIOUS FEET,
WITH SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY PREVAILING
IS WRITHING FROM THE HEAT.

THE SMOKE IS RISING HIGHER
TO FORM A CLOUD OF GRAY,
BLOCKING THE SUN LIKE A BLANKET
AND HAST'NING THE CLOSE OF DAY.

UP A RIDGE THE FLAMES ARE SOARING
AS THE SUN DIPS INTO NIGHT,
AND SHALL NOT CEASE WITH MORNING
THE INTENSENESS OF THEIR LIGHT.

--GERRIE ROSTRON
ENGLISH III

The Lifeboat

Reason had given way to hate. Jim Carter had been alone in the tiny lifeboat for fourteen days, and in time the dory had become the symbol of all the pent-up hate that Carter had come to feel for his entire situation. Gray waves lapped into the boat, chilling his feet, and the wind burned his cheeks with icy blasts. And Carter knew that this wind was but the introduction to a storm that hovered on the horizon; but then, every direction was horizon. Alone -- this boat and Jim Carter. The little skiff personified the hatred that Carter felt for his whole plight. As the gale approached, Carter's feeling of helpless inactivity increased, and he began to cry and strike the hull with his fists. The climax to the voyage, the enforced odyssey in the lifeboat, came when hunger, hate, and desperation were stilled in the green sea.

Yet still the sunshine came. And it saw two small boys on a beach, looking with wonder at a tiny lifeboat overturned on the shore.

"I guess the storm brought it," mused one. "We can have some real fun with that."

"Yes," responded the other. "Nothing but fun for us now!"

--Pat Puck
English III

Safe

Julius Polasky stood on the upper deck of the luxurious ship and gazed into the white-capped sea. He carefully placed his leather brief case on the deck and leaned over the polished brass railing. He noticed the beauty in the contrast of the cloudless sky with the frothy surface of the turbulent ocean. Yet, Julius did not enjoy this aesthetic scene because it contained the color blue, and blue always reminded him of cops.

"Why should I worry?" Julius thought, "I'm as free as a bird. They'll never find me where I'm going, never! I'm safe now, and I'll never be scared to show my face in public again. I'm perfectly safe." He suddenly realized that the brisk air was beginning to whet his appetite.

Julius instinctively made his way to the nearest bar. Immediately after he had downed his third gin and tonic, he and his company were thrown from their chairs by what appeared to be a gigantic earthquake at sea. Glaring towards the ceiling through clouded eyes, Julius Polasky noticed a name printed on the underside of his bar stool. "Titanic," he laughingly bellowed, "What a stupid name for a ship!"

--Phil Hauser
English III

A WAVE

A WAVE IS A BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS FORCE OF NATURE TO OBSERVE. BEGINNING AS A HARDLY NOTICEABLE WRINKLE ON THE PLACID SURFACE OF THE OCEAN, IT SEEMS TO PULL ITSELF OUT OF THE WATER AND FORM A GIANT SWELL, THROUGH WHICH CAN BE SEEN FLOATING SEAWEED. SWOLLEN WITH POWER AND WEIGHT, THE WAVE BREAKS AND BECOMES WHITE SUDS IN MOTHER EARTH'S GIANT WASHING MACHINE. SMALLER CURRENTS OF FOAM, LOOKING LIKE THE MANES OF WILD HORSES, STAMPEDE ONTO THE DAMP SAND AND SWIRL OVER IT HELTER-SKELTER, DEPOSITING, BEFORE THEY LEAVE, THE PRECIOUS AMBERGRIS OF WHALES AND THE UNWANTED GARBAGE OF HUMAN BEINGS. THIS IS THE LIFE OF A WAVE, AND ALREADY ANOTHER HAS BEEN BORN.

--BONNIE ANK
ENGLISH III

THE BABY'S BLANKET

MARJORIE CUMMINGS STEPPED QUICKLY TO THE BACK DOOR.

"WINN! HERE WINN!" SHE CALLED.

IMMEDIATELY, WINN, A LIGHT BROWN COLLIE, WITH TAIL WAGGING SCAMPERED UP THE BACK STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE.

A FEW MINUTES AGO THE SCHOOL NURSE HAD CALLED TO TELL MRS. CUMMINGS THAT HER SON BOBBY WAS ILL, AND THAT SHE SHOULD PICK HIM UP AT SCHOOL IMMEDIATELY.

UNWILLING TO AWAKEN THE BABY, SHE HAD CALLED WINN INTO THE HOUSE TO PROTECT HIM WHILE SHE WAS GONE.

IT WAS A HOT AFTERNOON AS MARJORIE CUMMINGS CLIMBED INTO HER CAR. AS SHE DROVE AWAY, A WARM WIND WITH THE SMELL OF SMOKE FROM A NEIGHBOR'S INCINERATOR BLEW GENTLY ACROSS HER FACE.

UPON RETURNING HOME WITH BOBBY, MRS. CUMMINGS BEHELD A SIGHT TOO HORRIBLE TO BELIEVE. A SHIVER OF FEAR RAN THROUGH HER BODY AS SHE SAW A RAGING FIRE EATING AWAY AT THE HOUSE IN WHICH HER CHILD WAS SLEEPING.

"MY BABY!" SHE SCREAMED, JUMPING FROM HER CAR AND RUNNING TOWARD THE BURNING MASS.

"MARGIE!" SHOUTED A NEIGHBOR, GRABBING AND HOLDING HER FROM ENTERING THE FLAMING HOUSE, "YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE."

BEADS OF PERSPIRATION, MINGLED WITH TEARS, COVERED HER HORROR STRIKEN FACE. AS A PORTION OF THE ROOF COLLAPSED, SHE BECAME HYSTERICAL.

SUDDENLY WINN APPEARED IN WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE DOORWAY. IN HER MOUTH WAS THE BABY'S SOFT WHITE BLANKET, AND INSIDE THE BLANKET SOMETHING WAS MOVING.

BREAKING LOOSE FROM THE NEIGHBOR'S GRASP, MRS. CUMMINGS HURLED HERSELF TOWARD THE MOVING BLANKET WHICH WINN HAD DROPPED ON THE LAWN.

FALLING ON HER KNEES, SHE RAPIDLY UNFOLDED THE BLANKET. BUT INSTEAD OF CONTAINING HER BABY, THE BLANKET HELD WINN'S FIVE LITTLE PUPPIES.

IN A STATE OF SHOCK, MARJORIE CUMMINGS FELL TO THE GROUND AS THE RUINS OF HER HOUSE COLLAPSED.

--BILL MOLNAR
ENGLISH III

Festival

Scores of eager people lined both sides of the main street in the village. It was a gay group, busily laughing, shouting, and occasionally trampling on bare toes. Their broad smiles were surpassed in brilliance only by their excited eyes, for these people were awaiting a parade. Drab work clothes had been laid aside, and holiday dress was to be seen everywhere -- sunny yellows, flaming oranges, startling chartreuses, and, obviously predominant, fiery scarlet. Children ran wildly from one side of the street to the other, unable to remain still in the electric atmosphere.

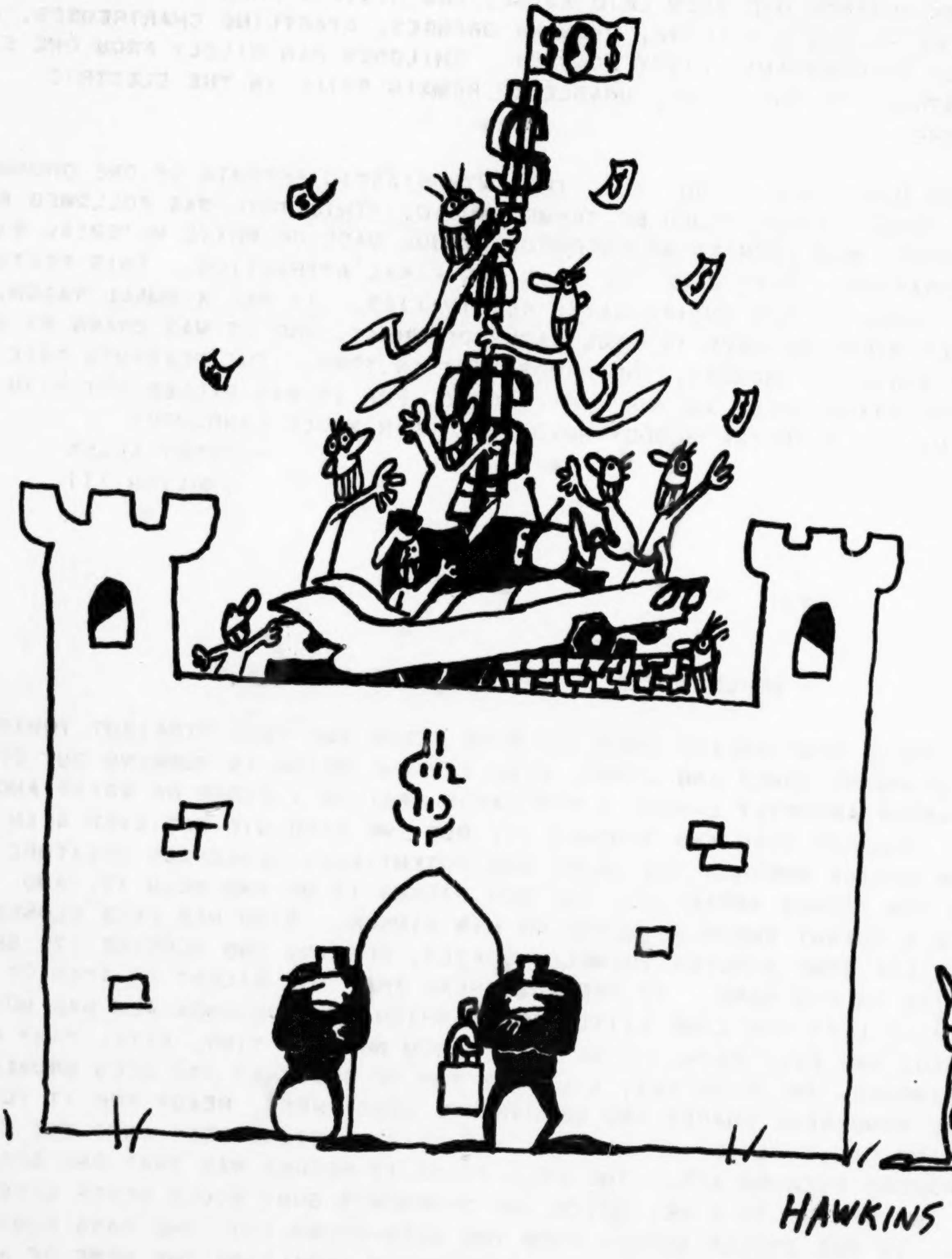
Soon music was heard -- if the enthusiastic efforts of one drummer and two horn players could be termed music. This trio was followed by a flag bearer, who carried an enormous symbol made of white material with red decoration. Next came the main and final attraction. This feature was the cause of the entire day's festivities. It was a small wagon, the kind that might be used to haul sacks of wheat, and it was drawn by a team of sprightly horses, the handsomest in town. The peasants gave vent to a terrifying cheer as the cart passed, for it was filled not with golden grain, but with the bloody heads of their noble landlords.

--Peggy Allen
English III

Reflections on the Death of a Sparrow

A small blur pulsed over the wire fence and flew straight towards him. Skimming lower and lower, like a plane which is running out of fuel, the sparrow abruptly landed a few yards away on a ridge of grass and earth. He went over and touched it, but the bird did not even seem to care or notice whether the large and potentially dangerous creature was only a few inches above it. The boy picked it up and held it, and noticed a slight smear of blood on his finger. With his eyes closed, the sparrow for some minutes trembled softly, opening and closing its beak, hen died in his hand. It seemed unreal that the silent whisper of life ad really left the limp little form, which only seconds ago had moved, reathed, and felt pain. Like a car from which a tiny, vital part has een removed, the bird lay, a little toy of God that had been broken. ll the wonderful shapes and mechanisms were there, ready for it to cock ts head inquisitively or elevate its gravity-bound body into the cool, ransparent evening air. The only thing it needed was that one spark of ife, the desire to live, which the sparrow's body would never experience ain. In the street across from the weed-grown lot, the cars rushed eavily by, the radios of some triumphantly heralding the news of another vention to explore space, and of how far man had gone in understanding s world.

--Mark Hallett
English III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HAWKINS

THE WALLED CITY

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A CITY DIRECTORY? I'VE JUST ARRIVED, AND I'M AFRAID I'M LOST."

"JUST ARRIVED? WELL, MAY I BE THE FIRST TO WELCOME YOU TO THE CITY OF MATERIAL WEALTH ! BUT YOU DON'T NEED A DIRECTORY; I'D BE DELIGHTED TO SHOW YOU AROUND MYSELF. WE'RE ALL VERY PROUD OF OUR CITY, YOU KNOW. IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD."

"YES, THAT'S WHY I'VE COME."

"YOU WON'T FIND ANY LOAFERS HERE -- NO SCIENTISTS OR ARTISTS OR PREACHERS. NO, SIR, NO VAGRANTS IN THE CITY OF MATERIAL WEALTH! WE DON'T WASTE OUR TIME ON MERE IDEAS HERE. WE'RE ALL AFTER THE THINGS THAT COUNT IN LIFE, THE MATERIAL THINGS. NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES. LOOK AROUND YOU; YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTY! LOOK AT THE CARS -- ALL THIS YEAR'S MODELS. LOOK AT THE WOMEN -- ALL BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED. LOOK --"

"IT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE."

"YES, BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE REST. WE'RE NEVER SATISFIED WITH WHAT WE HAVE; WE'RE ALWAYS AFTER SOMETHING MORE, SOMETHING BETTER. EVERY FAMILY IN THE CITY HAS A BIG HOUSE, AND MOST HAVE SWIMMING POOLS. MANY EVEN HAVE STABLES AND PRIVATE PLANES. TELL ME, WHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD COULD YOU FIND ALL THIS?"

"IT'S REALLY AMAZING. I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY THE CITY IS WALLED TO PROTECT IT FROM THE MASSES."

"OH, NO, TO THE CONTRARY. THE GUARDS LET ANYONE ENTER. ONCE HERE, EVERYONE GETS CAUGHT UP IN THE STRUGGLE FOR MATERIAL GAIN."

"THEN, WHAT ARE THE WALL AND THE GUARDS FOR?"

"WHY, THEY JUST MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE TRIES TO LEAVE."

--MARY MOORE
ENGLISH III

It Can Be Anything

At first it was a round ball that quietly bounced along beside him, as he walked down the street. But soon he tired of this, and he smashed and flattened it, until it was the shape of a pancake. He rolled it between his fat, pudgy hands, until it was long and thin. He attached the two ends together, and he formed a wheel. He rolled it in front of him, as he crawled along the ground. Finally it wouldn't roll any more, and he became disgusted with it, and rolled it into another ball. This time he stretched it until it was at least six inches in length. He then took a small stick and drew a face on it. He stretched it around, until it looked like the face of a clown, and then he stretched it to look like the face of a monster.

This was better, the nothing suddenly had a personality. First it was a horse, and it galloped around the room. Soon it changed into a lion, and roared a loud, screeching roar. The lion changed to a dog that barked at everything that passed by. The dog changed to a little boy, and the two of them played hide and seek together.

But their game was interrupted, and it was time to go to bed. This meant the "Silly Putty" had to go back in its case, and the horse, the lion, the dog, and the little boy vanished with it.

--Judy Lean
English III

Ugh!

Problems and worries and tests
    by the score,
Entrance exams and notebooks
    galore.

Push ups and sit ups,
    now count 1..2..3
Is there no easier way for me?

Nudging and laughing we rush
    through the halls,
Before the beckon of the classroom
    calls.

English and history, biology
    too,
Algebra, chemistry, what shall I do?

Standing in halls eating rainy day
    lunches,
To keep from the cold we huddle
    in bunches.

Ugh!

--Joanne Cocking
English III

Zap

Little Willie full of fun,
Borrowed Daddy's proton gun.
He tried it out with great elation,
Now he's cosmic radiation.

--Jim Foster
English III

STRANGER AT EASE

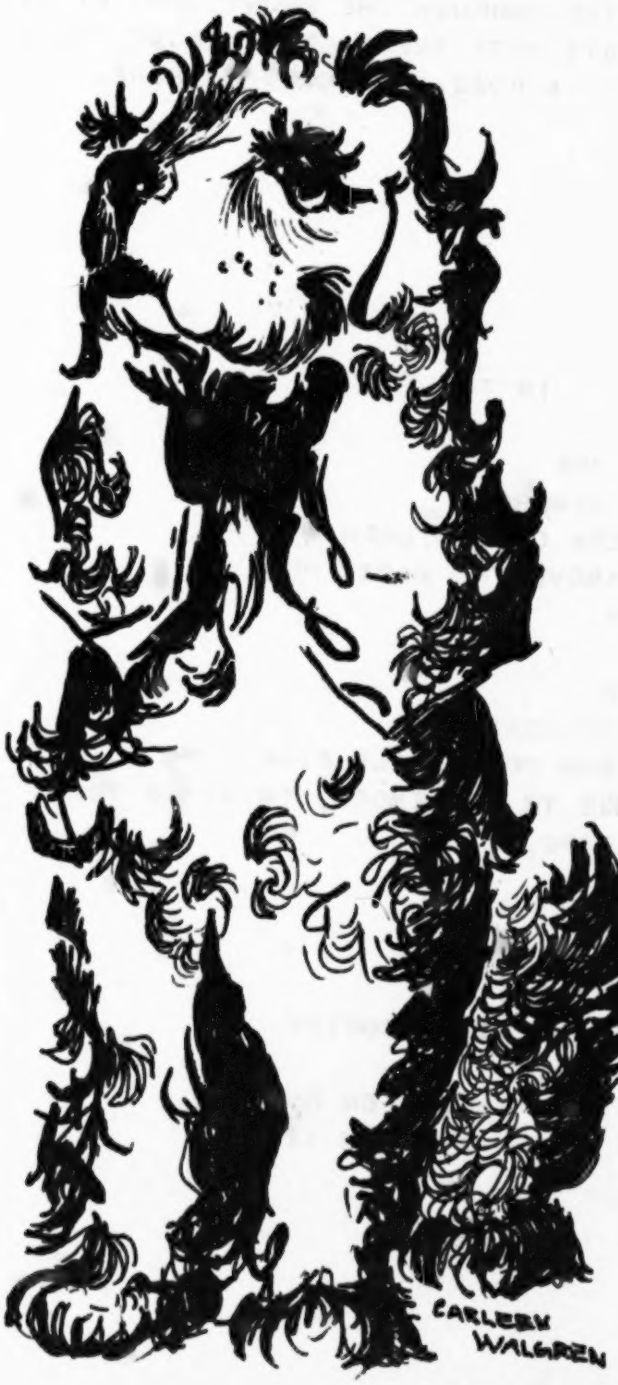
THERE SHE SAT
A FLIRTIN' AND A GLARIN'
I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF
FROM A SMILIN' AND A STARIN'.

THEM BIG BROWN EYES
'N SOFT WAVY HAIR
SENT SOMETHIN' TO ME
I JUST COULDN'T BEAR.

SO I UPPED 'N MOTIONED
SHE JOIN MY COMPANY.
SHE ACTED KINDA' SHY
BUT CAME, RELUCTAN'LY.

I COAXED 'ER TO SIT
ON MY COMFY LAP,
BUT BEFORE I COULD TALK
SHE WAS TAKIN' A NAP.

BUT THAT'S THE NATURE
OF ALL O' HER KIND:
MAN'S BEST FRIEND,
NO BETTER CAN YA' FIND.
--MARGO SCHARING
ENGLISH III



HOME FOR THE AGED

WAS I NAIVE TO THINK THAT MY CHILDREN WOULD NEVER SEND ME AWAY? PERHAPS THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO DO THIS TO ME; CERTAINLY THEY GAVE DOZENS OF REASONS WHY IT WOULD BE BEST FOR ALL CONCERNED. I MUST HAVE BECOME A REAL BURDEN, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE ANY TROUBLE TO ANYONE.

I AM NOT UNHAPPY HERE. TALKING WITH THE OTHER "SENIOR CITIZENS" IS PLEASANT, ALTHOUGH THE CONVERSATIONS ARE USUALLY NOT VERY STIMULATING. THERE ISN'T TOO MUCH ONE CAN SAY ABOUT HIS FAMILY, THE WEATHER, OR TELEVISION PROGRAMS. YET MY SIMPLE LIFE IS FREE OF RESPONSIBILITIES AND COMPLICATED PROBLEMS, AND THE CHILDREN HAVE MANAGED TO SET ASIDE ENOUGH MONEY TO FINANCE MY STAY.

I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME IN THE LOBBY. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WHERE ONE MIGHT EXPECT TO FIND ACTIVITY. OCCASIONALLY ANOTHER "VICTIM" IS ESCORTED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR BY HIS FAMILY OR FRIENDS. AS HE ENTERS, I ALWAYS NOTE THE PICTURE ABOVE THE DOOR. IT IS A SCENIC VIEW OF A LONG ROAD -- A ROAD THAT GOES NOWHERE.

--ALISON WEIR
ENGLISH III

IN THE END

JUST ONE
TINY DEWDROP
SHIVERS ON A SILKEN
WEB ABOVE THE MISTY POOL OF
WATER.

ALONE,
ONE DELICATE
BLOSSOM OF FRAGILE PINK
CLINGS TO A SLENDER, TWISTING TWIG
FOR LIFE.

BELOW
LIES DESTINY,
INEVITABLE AND
UNRELENTING; SECURITY
WILL DIE.

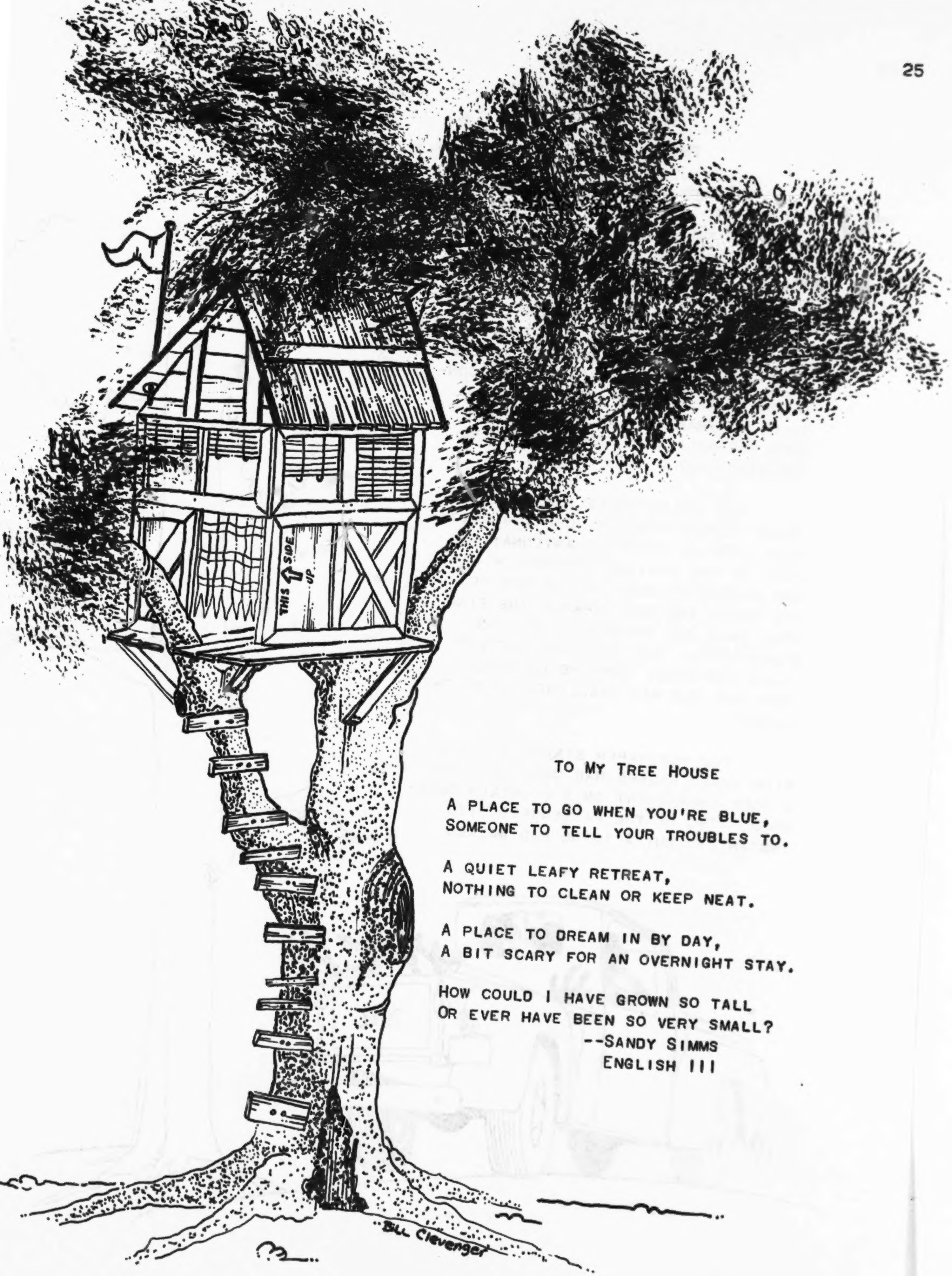
--COLLEEN HUBBARD
ENGLISH III

CIRCLING CAROUSEL

AROUND
AND AROUND SPINS
THE CAROUSEL OF LIFE,
STOPPING JUST FOR MEN TO GET ON
AND OFF.

EACH MAN
TRIES TO GRAB AT
THE BRASS RING, OR DOES HE
MERELY CLUTCH IT AND SWING LIKE A
MONKEY?

--CYNTHIA TUBBS
ENGLISH III



TO MY TREE HOUSE

A PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU'RE BLUE,
SOMEONE TO TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO.

A QUIET LEAFY RETREAT,
NOTHING TO CLEAN OR KEEP NEAT.

A PLACE TO DREAM IN BY DAY,
A BIT SCARY FOR AN OVERNIGHT STAY.

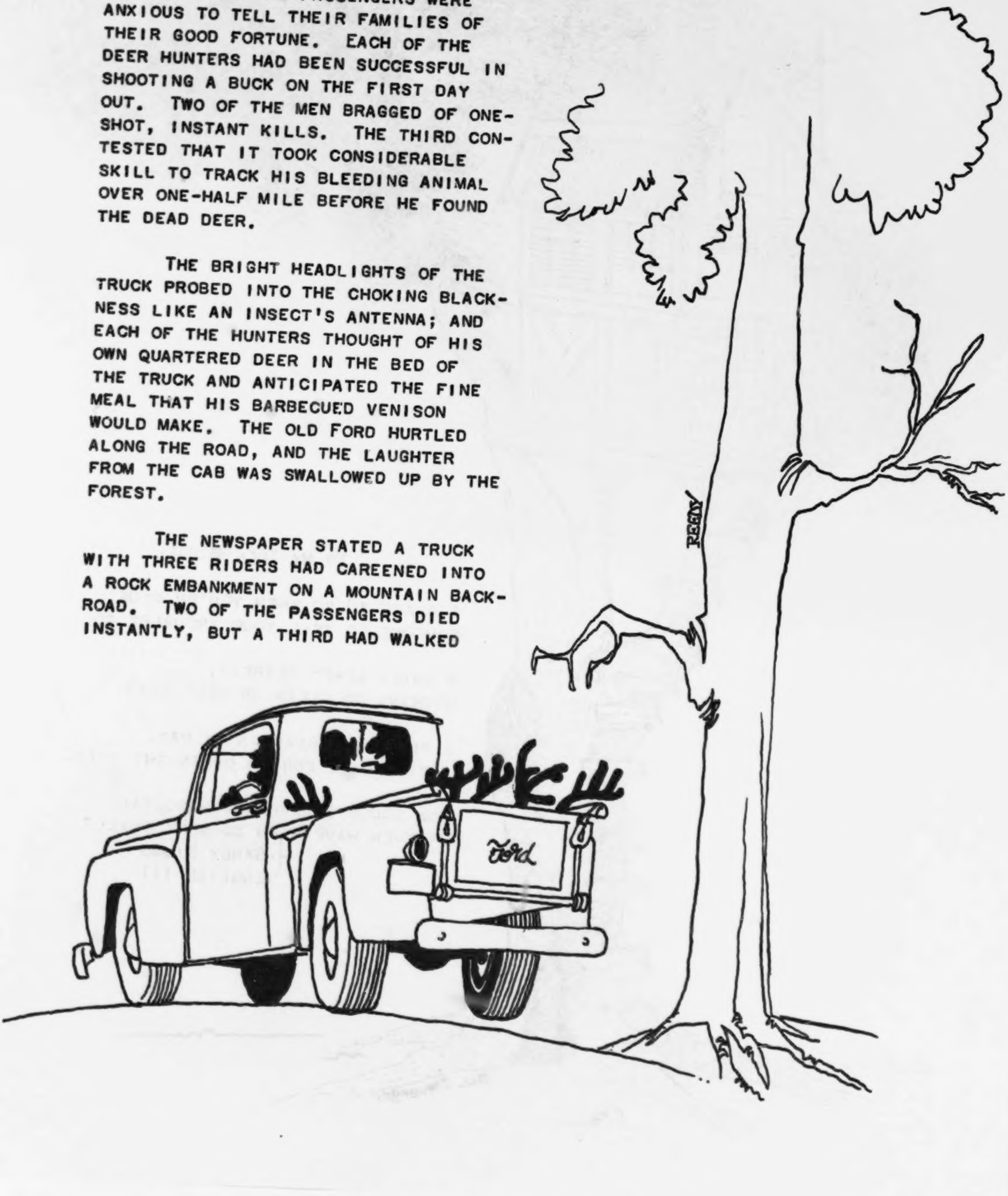
HOW COULD I HAVE GROWN SO TALL
OR EVER HAVE BEEN SO VERY SMALL?
--SANDY SIMMS
ENGLISH III

THE HUNTERS

THE FORD PICKUP TRUCK, ENGULFED IN A SEA OF GLOOMY FOG, MADE ITS WAY ALONG THE WET MOUNTAIN ROAD. ALL THREE OF THE PASSENGERS WERE ANXIOUS TO TELL THEIR FAMILIES OF THEIR GOOD FORTUNE. EACH OF THE DEER HUNTERS HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN SHOOTING A BUCK ON THE FIRST DAY OUT. TWO OF THE MEN BRAGGED OF ONE-SHOT, INSTANT KILLS. THE THIRD CONTESTED THAT IT TOOK CONSIDERABLE SKILL TO TRACK HIS BLEEDING ANIMAL OVER ONE-HALF MILE BEFORE HE FOUND THE DEAD DEER.

THE BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS OF THE TRUCK PROBED INTO THE CHOKING BLACKNESS LIKE AN INSECT'S ANTENNA; AND EACH OF THE HUNTERS THOUGHT OF HIS OWN QUARTERED DEER IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK AND ANTICIPATED THE FINE MEAL THAT HIS BARBECUED VENISON WOULD MAKE. THE OLD FORD HURTLED ALONG THE ROAD, AND THE LAUGHTER FROM THE CAB WAS SWALLOWED UP BY THE FOREST.

THE NEWSPAPER STATED A TRUCK WITH THREE RIDERS HAD CAREENED INTO A ROCK EMBANKMENT ON A MOUNTAIN BACK-ROAD. TWO OF THE PASSENGERS DIED INSTANTLY, BUT A THIRD HAD WALKED



A HALF MILE DOWN THE ROAD BEFORE SUCCUMBING FROM THE LOSS OF BLOOD. THE BODIES OF THE THREE MEN HAD BEEN MOLESTED BY PREDATORS. THE ACCIDENT HAD BEEN CAUSED BY A COLLISION WITH A DEER CROSSING THE ROAD.

--ROGER KLEIN
ENGLISH III

THE MOONFLOWER

THE CRY OF CHILDREN'S VOICES AND THE LAUGHTER OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS HAD VANISHED WITH THE ONSET OF EVENING. THE SUN DESCENDED, AND IN ITS TRAIL THE DARKNESS ENVELOPED THE PLAYGROUNDS, COMPELLING EVERYTHING TO DIE FOR A FEW HOURS -- EVERYTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE MOONFLOWER. A CANDLE FLAME APPEARED OVER THE EDGE OF A VOID, SPRINKLING MOONBEAMS AT RANDOM ON THE EARTH BELOW. SOON THE MOONFLOWER WOULD LIVE!

STIFLING ITS JOY, THE MOONFLOWER RAISED ITS ARMS, ALLOWING THE LEAVES TO OPEN THEIR FACES AND BASK IN THE NIGHT'S CANDLELIGHT. A SMILE OF GRATITUDE WAS REFLECTED FROM EACH FACE AS IT FROLICKED TO THE WILL OF A SUMMER BREEZE. WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES, THE LEAVES SANG TO THE STILLNESS, A TUNE OF LIGHTHEARTED LEISURE. SOMETIMES THE WIND WOULD INTERMINGLE, AND TOGETHER THEY WOULD MURMUR OF SECRETS, OR PERHAPS OF MAN'S FOLLY THAT HE SHOULD HIDE HIMSELF FROM THE DARK HOURS' PHANTOMS. WHILE THE NIGHT GREW DEADLIER, THE MOONFLOWER GREW BOLDER; UNTIL, WITH A RISING CLIMAX, THE PLANT SEEMED TO SHATTER THE SOLITUDE WITH ITS SONG OF FREEDOM!

THE DANK, STILL MORNING AIR BEGAN TO TAKE ITS TOLL ON THE FRAME OF THE MOONFLOWER. UNACCUSTOMED TO THE CHILL OF DEW, THE LEAVES GREW STIFF; AND THE WIND LOOKED ELSEWHERE FOR RESPONSE TO ITS TEASING. WHEN THE SUN BEGAN ITS JOURNEY ACROSS THE REALM, THE MOONFLOWER HAD ALREADY SUNK INTO A STATE OF OBLIVION. NO ONE WAS LEFT TO RECALL NATURE'S TRANSIENT GIFT OF BEAUTY TO THE NIGHT.

--KAY EDGAR
ENGLISH III

SERENITY

THE ECHO OF THE ROARING SEA, CAPTURED BY THE CLIFFS, GAVE HER THE FEELING OF BEING SURROUNDED BY THE TURBULENT WATERS. THE SUN GLARED DOWN ON HER DELICATE, WHITE SKIN. THE WIND PLAYED MISCHIEVOUSLY WITH HER AUBURN HAIR AND MOCKED HER SERENITY WITH SEA-FLUNG MIST. THE GULLS CRIED RAUCOUSLY ABOVE HER, BEGGING FOR TINY SCRAPS OF FOOD WHICH SHE OCCASIONALLY THREW TO THEM. THE WHITE SAND CLOSED SOFTLY AROUND HER FEET WITH EACH STEP THAT SHE TOOK, LEAVING ONLY VAGUE PRINTS BEHIND. THE BROKEN SHELLS PIERCED HER SHARPLY AS SHE TIPTOED GENTLY AMONG THE DEFYING COVES.

THE WAVES CARESSED THE SHORE, LEAVING MYRIAD RIPPLES IN THE WET SAND AND TRACES OF MARINE LIFE SCURRYING ANXIOUSLY BACK TO THEIR HOMES. SEEING THE HELPLESS SHELLFISH ON THE BEACH, THE YOUNG GIRL PICKED IT UP AND GENTLY PLACED IT ONCE AGAIN INTO THE SALTY BRINE.

--SANDY KERN
ENGLISH III

DEPARTURE

TOMORROW I WILL LEAVE, BUT TONIGHT I CAN ENJOY, FOR ONE LAST TIME, THIS SCENE OF BEAUTY AND SERENITY. THE SNOW HAS BEEN FALLING SINCE NOON, AND THE GROUND IS COVERED BY A THICK, WHITE BLANKET. THE SNOW MUFFLES ALL SOUNDS AND CREATES A FEELING OF PEACE AND SOLITUDE. THE LIGHT FLAKES SWIRL GENTLY WITH THE WIND AND FORM SMALL DRIFTS AGAINST THE HOUSES AND TREES. A STREET LIGHT ON THE CORNER ILLUMINATES THE CRYSTALS AND CAUSES THEM TO GLISTEN AS THEY DRIFT EARTHWARD. IT IS COLD -- BUT THE SNOW IS NOT WITHOUT ITS WARMTH FOR ME.

TOMORROW I LEAVE ALL THIS. I WILL BE GOING TO A DISTANT AND UNFAMILIAR TOWN. THERE ONLY A FEW HAVE SEEN THE REAL BEAUTY OF A WINTER SNOWSTORM. INSTEAD, THEY BOAST OF A MILD CLIMATE, BRILLIANT SUNSHINE, AND COOL EVENINGS. IT'S SUMMER, THEY SAY, ALL YEAR ROUND. BUT THE EXTERIOR COLD OF WINTER IS BUT A MASK TO HIDE THE WARMTH IT CREATES WITHIN -- IF ONE WISHES TO SEEK IT.

--ALISON WEIR
ENGLISH III

A SMILE,
    FRIENDSHIP.

A FEW WORDS.
    UNDERSTANDING.

MY LIFE.
    NOW WORTH LIVING.

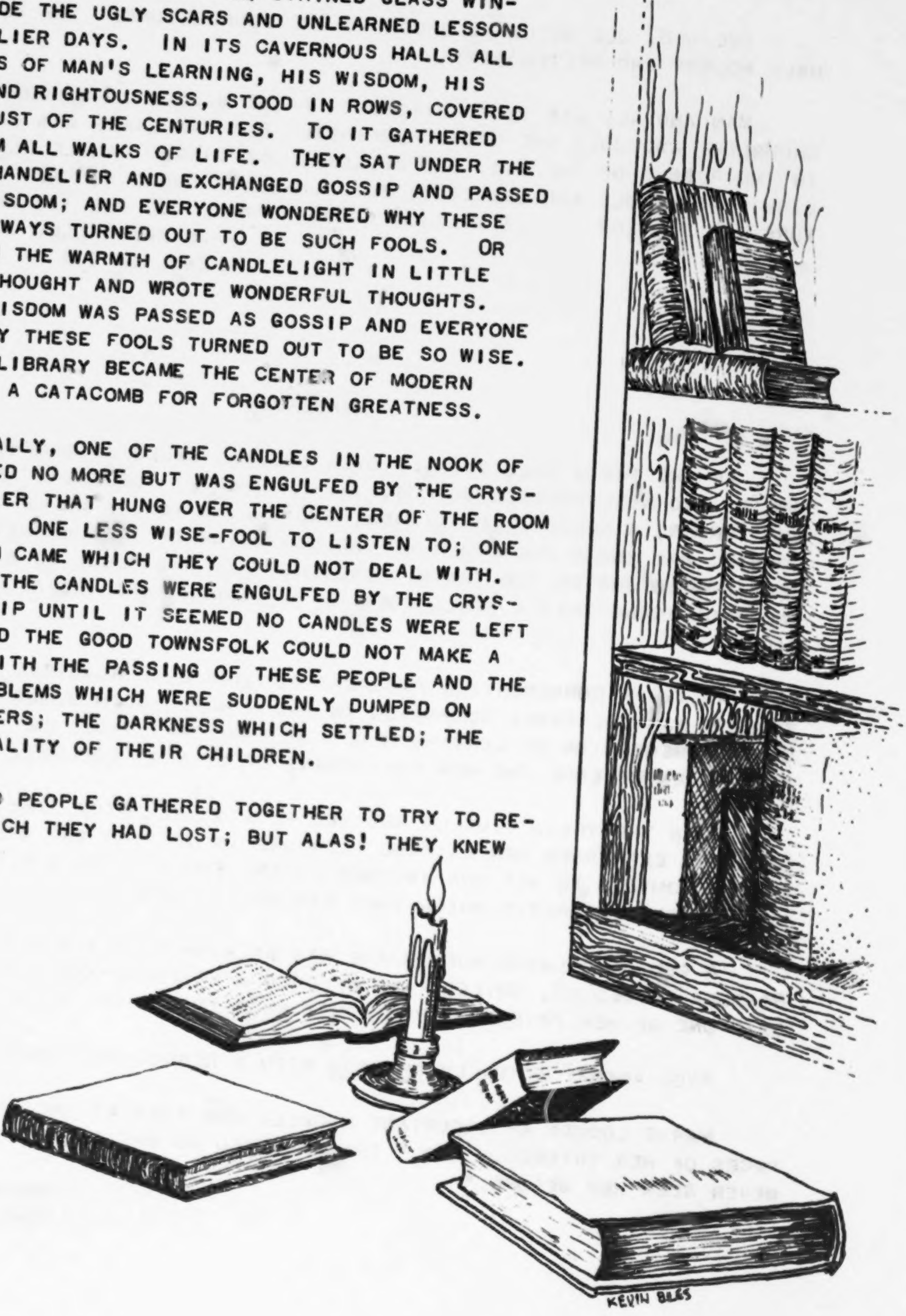
--SUE HERRINGTON
ENGLISH III

ONE FEEBLE HOPE

IT WAS AN OLD, OLD BUILDING. THE STONES OF ITS FOUNDATIONS WERE OLDER THAN ALL THE LOST SANDS OF TIME AND TRUTH. YET ON ITS FACE THE GOOD TOWNSFOLK HAD BUILT MARBLE PILLARS AND MAHOGANY SIDES, WROUGHT IRON RAILS AND STAINED GLASS WINDOWS TO HIDE THE UGLY SCARS AND UNLEARNED LESSONS OF ITS EARLIER DAYS. IN ITS CAVERNOUS HALLS ALL THE SYMBOLS OF MAN'S LEARNING, HIS WISDOM, HIS BASENESS AND RIGHTOUSNESS, STOOD IN ROWS, COVERED WITH THE DUST OF THE CENTURIES. TO IT GATHERED PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE. THEY SAT UNDER THE ICE-COLD CHANDELIER AND EXCHANGED GOSSIP AND PASSED IT ON AS WISDOM; AND EVERYONE WONDERED WHY THESE WISE MEN ALWAYS TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH FOOLS. OR THEY SAT IN THE WARMTH OF CANDLELIGHT IN LITTLE NOOKS AND THOUGHT AND WROTE WONDERFUL THOUGHTS. BUT THEIR WISDOM WAS PASSED AS GOSSIP AND EVERYONE WONDERED WHY THESE FOOLS TURNED OUT TO BE SO WISE. SO THE OLD LIBRARY BECAME THE CENTER OF MODERN CULTURE AND A CATACOMB FOR FORGOTTEN GREATNESS.

EVENTUALLY, ONE OF THE CANDLES IN THE NOOK OF WISDOM BURNED NO MORE BUT WAS ENGULFED BY THE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER THAT HUNG OVER THE CENTER OF THE ROOM OF HUMANITY. ONE LESS WISE-FOOL TO LISTEN TO; ONE MORE PROBLEM CAME WHICH THEY COULD NOT DEAL WITH. ONE BY ONE, THE CANDLES WERE ENGULFED BY THE CRYSTALS OF GOSSIP UNTIL IT SEEMED NO CANDLES WERE LEFT BURNING. AND THE GOOD TOWNSFOLK COULD NOT MAKE A CONNECTION WITH THE PASSING OF THESE PEOPLE AND THE UNSOLVED PROBLEMS WHICH WERE SUDDENLY DUMPED ON THEIR SHOULDERS; THE DARKNESS WHICH SETTLED; THE SLIPPING MORALITY OF THEIR CHILDREN.

THE GOOD PEOPLE GATHERED TOGETHER TO TRY TO REGAIN THAT WHICH THEY HAD LOST; BUT ALAS! THEY KNEW



NOT FOR WHAT THEY SEARCHED. THAT WAS WHY THEY WERE GATHERED TOGETHER WHEN A RUMBLE SHOOK THE OLD, OLD BUILDING; WHEN A DARK, OMINOUS, FEARFULLY SHAPED CLOUD COVERED THE FACE OF THE MOON; WHEN STRONG HEAT WINDS VIOLENTLY SWEPT THE LAND; WHEN ALL THE EVIL POWERS MAN HAD HARNESSED, LASHED OUT, BENT ON DESTROYING HIM; WHEN THE LONGEST NIGHT SETTLED OVER THE EARTH.

THE OLD, OLD BUILDING SHOOK TO THE FOUNDATIONS. THE SCARS BECAME UGLY WOUNDS AND MELTED AWAY.

MAN AND ALL HIS INSTITUTIONS OF FALSE WISDOM (AND FORGOTTEN TRUTHS) CRUMBLED; AND ONLY THE GREAT REMAINED. BUT THE EARTH WAS BARREN. YET IN THE RUBBLE OF THE OLD, OLD BUILDING ONE SINGLE CANDLE GLOWED. ITS LIGHT WAS FEEBLE AND UNSTEADY; BUT A MILLION HANDS REACHED OUT TO NURTURE AND PROTECT IT. A MILLION HANDS REACHED OUT FOR ITS WARMTH.

--JO ANN SALLEY
ENGLISH III

HYPOCRISY

AS THE TRAIN SPED SWIFTLY OVER ENDLESS MILES OF TRACKS, ROSELLA AND MARIE, TWO WELL-DRESSED CO-EDS, TALKED HAPPILY TOGETHER. NEITHER GIRL, THE FORMER, A NEGRO FROM ALABAMA, AND THE LATTER, A WHITE GIRL FROM WISCONSIN, HAD KNOWN THE OTHER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY. DURING THE WEARISOME HOURS ON THE TRAIN, HOWEVER, THEY HAD BEGUN TO EXCHANGE WORDS AND SOON FOUND THAT A SMALL COLLEGE IN VERMONT WAS THEIR MUTUAL DESTINATION.

AS THEIR CONVERSATION PROGRESSED, EACH GIRL REALIZED THAT SHE HAD FOUND A WARM, LIKABLE COMPANION IN THE OTHER. BOTH GIRLS HAD SHARED THE SAME APPREHENSION OF LEAVING HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME; YET BOTH WERE ANXIOUS TO EXPERIENCE THE NEW EXCITEMENT OF LIFE AT COLLEGE.

WHEN THE TRAIN FINALLY ARRIVED AT ITS LAST STOP, THE GIRLS DEPARTED. EACH ONE EXPRESSED HER EXTREME PLEASURE IN MEETING THE OTHER; AND BOTH GIRLS PROMISED TO SEE ONE ANOTHER OFTEN, FOR THE TWO GIRLS HAD NUMEROUS HOBBIES AND INTERESTS WHICH THEY WANTED TO SHARE.

A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN MARIE WAS WALKING WITH A GROUP OF HER FRIENDS, ROSELLA PASSED BY, SMILED, AND OFFERED A FRIENDLY GREETING. "MARIE," SAID ONE OF HER FRIENDS, "YOU DON'T KNOW THAT GIRL, DO YOU?"

"YOU AREN'T ACTUALLY FRIENDS WITH A NEGRO, ARE YOU?" SAID ANOTHER.

MARIE LOOKED AT EXPECTANT ROSELLA AND THEN AT THE DISAPPROVAL IN THE FACES OF HER FRIENDS. "NO," SHE ANSWERED AS SHE BEGAN TO WALK AWAY, "I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE."

--MARILYN MILLS
ENGLISH III

WORDS OF WISDOM

WISE
MEN
LEARN
FROM
THEIR
MISTAKES.
FOOLS
DON'T
MAKE
ANY.

--JO ANN SALLEY
ENGLISH III

THE INJUSTICE

GRAY AND BATTERED, THE BUS, FILLED WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO, MIGRANT WORKERS, PULLED UP TO THE ORCHARD. MIGRANT LABORERS HARVEST HATRED; REAP PREJUDICE; GATHER ANTIPATHY. SIDE BY SIDE THEY STOOP UNDER THE BURDEN OF BEING MISFITS -- MISFITTED IN A SOCIETY TO WHICH THEY ARE BONDED FOR THE REST OF THEIR EXISTENCE. AS IN THE DUST BOWL MIGRATION OF '38, THESE PEOPLE ARE PRODDED FROM THEIR HOMES, LIKE MYRIADS OF ANTS, STIRRED UP BY A SMALL BOY'S HIKING STICK. HOWEVER, THIS TIME NOT DUST DRIVES THEM FORTH FROM THEIR COUNTRIES, STATES, AND HOMES; BUT THE CRAVING FOR RECOGNITION AS HUMAN BEINGS, THE LONGING FOR A BETTER LIFE FOR THEIR FAMILY, AND A BLATANT GROPING FOR "PARADISE." LIKE THAT PRE-WAR TREK, THE MIGRANTS BRING DOWN RANCOR UPON THEMSELVES. "OAKIES" ARE NOT WHAT THEY'RE CALLED NOW, BUT "NIGGERS," "SPICS," "BRACEROS" -- A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY. ALL ABOUT THE NOMADS IS A SPIRIT OF RESIGNATION; A SENSE OF BEING ENSNARED; A FERVENT FAMILY LOYALTY; THE TENDENCY TO SPEND MONEY TO MEET ONLY IMMEDIATE NEEDS AND DESIRES; AND A GENEROUS SYMPATHY FOR FELLOW LABORERS.

THE RATTLING BUS PULLED AWAY FROM THE ORCHARD AT THE END OF THE DAY, CARRYING ITS INJUSTICE WITH IT. THE INJUSTICE IS NOT IN THE CONDITION OF THE MIGRANTS, BUT THAT THEIR INFERIOR WORK IS THE ESSENCE OF THEIR SENTIENT BEINGS. HOW FREQUENTLY, WE FEEL, UNJUSTNESS IS ALLOTTED BY GOD.

--JOHN GUNDERSEN
ENGLISH IV

The Renaissance of Small-Scale Warfare

The era of jacks and marbles has passed; the age of Chatty Kathy and Robot Commando has arrived. To the delight of American children and to the agony of their loving parents, engineering skill, plastic, and a queer one-eyed cartoon factory called television have joined their indomitable forces into a foolproof method of separating John Q. Citizen from his money.

Consider for a moment the naive preschooler who hears for hours on end the numerous obvious credits of "Diabolical the Dragon" -- a unique configuration of metal and plastic with blinking eyes and a skull capable of opening and peppering the living room with tiny missiles. How can a well-meaning parent protect himself when confronted with a barrage of pleading requests that "Diabolical" become a permanent member of the family? Indeed, how can he explain to his offspring that $89.85 is not exactly within the family budget for dragons?

Even when the fateful decision has been made, Daddy's problems are far from over. For instance, the family trip to the local toy store is an unavoidable venture to the very lair of the enemy. Only the most expert "toy-dodger" can escape without an armload of playmates for "Diabolical." Of course, it is silly to assume that "Diabolical" will be fully assembled upon arrival at his new home. Rather he is in strange fragments carefully disarranged among tissue paper and pages and pages of simple instructions. For cryptic hour after cryptic hour Daddy attaches Poison Gas Dispersal unit D to Optional Laser Attachment W with Bolt S, Washer A-6, and Lock Nut 44 as pictured in Inset C, Sketch 12, page 81, of Supplementary Instruction Booklet F-109, which is, of course, not included.

However, despite all the setbacks, the unmatched glee on the faces of "Diabolical's" new master seems to make it worth the pains. But unfortunately, the life expectancy of dragons these days is roughly fourteen minutes, after which time all weapons systems fail, and the beast is retired to an obscure corner of the toy closet. Thus family harmony is short-lived, and Operation "Diabolical the Dragon" is quickly followed by Operation "Deadly Dudley, the Radioactive Robot."

--Jeff Gathers
English IV

Sonnet

I cast a wistful gaze up to the sky
And sought to pierce the boundless depths of space.
Above me countless galaxies swept by,
Unceasingly, possessed of godly grace.
I marvelled at the great celestial clock,
The cold, unchanging cadence of its beat,
Whose secret wise men struggle to unlock
Undaunted by the anguish of defeat.
And yet the aging universe remains,
Unheedful of the paltry lives of men,
Among whom frenzied chaos ever reigns,
And turmoil quests for order once again.
O God! Why must frail mortals vainly seek
To solve the riddles Nature doth bespeak?

--Bob Moore
English IV

Destruction

He sat and stared at the red button in front of him. It was the same button he saw every day, but now he had to use it. He silently prayed that he was making the right decision. He knew that there would be no one else to help him. The responsibility was his, and it was up to him to perform the task. The news reports of the troubled world lay in front of him, but he no longer looked at them. He had read all he cared to read. At last he reached for the red button. He knew that if he waited any longer, there would be nothing left. He pushed the button, and his toast popped up. It was burnt, again.

--Fred Tempes
English IV

Heretic

Oh, Evil Nature plague my soul no more!
I suffer under boundless guilt and sin;
For what I am God's chosen lambs abhore;
And so salvation I can never win.
A fiend am I, and Satan's very flesh:
To fall beneath an orthodox disdain.
Oh God, that I could start my life afresh,
Without a mind, without the fearsome pain!
Yet I could bear a tortured martyr's life,
But for a fear that death may finally prove
Men's dogma right: Hell's my reward for strife.
Yet, loving God, how can Thou disapprove?
    If evil, I shall be so unafraid:
    What God would damn the evil He has made?

--Craig Maxwell
English IV

THE FAMILY MAN

THE HOUSE TOOK ON AN ICY QUIETNESS AS HIS CAR CAME UP THE DRIVEWAY. THE CHILDREN SCAMPERED UP TO THEIR ROOMS SO THEY WOULD BE OUT OF HIS WAY WHEN HE WALKED IN. THE DOOR SLAMMED; HIS WIFE TOOK A DEEP BREATH, FORMED A SMILE ON HER TIRED FACE, AND WALKED IN TO MEET HER HUSBAND. ALL SHE RECEIVED FROM HIM WAS A SCOWLING GLARE AS HE THREW HIS BRIEF CASE ON THE CHAIR AND PICKED UP THE MAIL. HER FORCED SMILE DISAPPEARED, AND SHE RETURNED TO THE KITCHEN. SHE HAD BARELY REACHED THE STOVE WHEN THE SOUNDS OF HIS GRUFF, YELLING VOICE ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE, EVEN UP THE STAIRS TO THE CHILDREN PLAYING QUIETLY BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

"YOU ARE SPENDING TOO MUCH MONEY," HE SNAPPED. "AND FOR WHAT? JUST LOOK AT THIS HOUSE," HE SAID AS HE SPIED ONE TOY OF JOHNNY'S TOYS OUT OF PLACE.

ALL HIS WIFE COULD DO WAS LOOK UP AT HIM AND SAY, "I'M SORRY," AS SHE HAD TO DO EVERY NIGHT.

THE CHILDREN TIMIDLY CAME DOWNSTAIRS AND SLID IN THEIR CHAIRS WHEN THEIR MOTHER CALLED THEM FOR DINNER. THEY TRIED SO HARD AND WITH SUCH GREAT EAGERNESS NOT TO MAKE A MISTAKE; HOWEVER, WHEN HIS DAUGHTER PUT HER ELBOW ON THE TABLE, THE FATHER ROSE OVER THE CHILDREN LIKE AN UGLY GIANT; AND SLAMMING HIS HAND ON THE TABLE, HE SENT THEM BACK TO THEIR ROOMS.

LATER THAT NIGHT HE ENTERED HIS CHURCH FOR A SPECIAL SERVICE, IN WHICH HE WAS TO TAKE PART WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. HE HAD HIS ARM AROUND HIS DAUGHTER, AND HIS HAND HELD HIS YOUNGEST SON'S HAND. HE HAD A SMILE ON HIS FACE, AND HE TALKED CHEERFULLY TO THE PEOPLE ABOUT CIVIC DUTIES AND THE CHURCH. AS HE WALKED BY, PEOPLE MARVELED AT WHAT A WONDERFUL, HAPPY FAMILY MAN HE WAS. ONE WOMAN WHISPERED TO ANOTHER, "OUR COMMUNITY NEEDS MORE MEN LIKE HIM."

--SUSAN VOGEL
ENGLISH IV

LOVE

LOVE IS THE GREATEST OF ALL MAN'S EMOTIONS. LOVE CAN TAKE NUMEROUS FORMS. THERE IS POSSESSIVE LOVE, DEMANDING LOVE, LOVE OF A MOTHER FOR HER CHILDREN, LOVE OF A TEACHER FOR HIS PUPILS, LOVE BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS, RELIGIOUS LOVE, FORBIDDEN LOVE, HIDDEN LOVE, AND MANY MORE.

EVERYWHERE ONE LOOKS, LIFE IS BEING BUILT ON LOVE. LOVE IS THE GREATEST FOUNDATION LIFE HAS. A HOME FULL OF LOVE IS INDESTRUCTABLE. IT HAS BEEN NOTED THAT PERHAPS SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT OF ALL JUVENILE DELINQUENTS COME FROM BROKEN HOMES. FIFTY PER CENT OF THE CALIFORNIA PRISON INMATES CAME FROM BROKEN HOMES. THESE ARE EXAMPLES OF WHAT HAPPENS IN A HOME WITHOUT LOVE. THESE FIGURES SHOW THAT LOVE, OR THE LACK OF IT, HAS A VERY DECIDED EFFECT ON CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE.

Love has made men great. Love for God has made martyrs of many. Some of the greatest literary works have been love stories. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is considered to be one of the greatest love stories of all time. Love has made such people as Cleopatra and Marc Antony immortal. Love brings out the poet and artist in all men.

Love is the root of all emotions. Misguided love can lead to jealousy and hate. Love can spur wars. The famous Trojan War was started because of the love two men had for Helen of Troy. Unrequited love leads to frustration; however, love is not always violent or harsh. True love is security, happiness, and beauty. Love can remain quiet and unseen, something which other emotions seem to find impossible.

Love is protecting and daring, gentle and brutal, innocent and passionate. Man cannot live without love. Lonely is the man who has no one to love and to love him.

--Suzanne Yates
English IV

A People with Rhythm

Two lines of men and women step with slow, stately movement. The men, in red, blue, purple, green, and yellow grass skirts, are wearing large wreaths of yellow foliage. The women are wearing white Mother Hubbard dresses sashed with broad bands of red pareau cloth. Their long, wavy hair hangs in billows, clouds, waves, and ruffles -- very clean, very soft, very shiny. All are barefoot. The sun brings all the gold in their skin to the surface, where it shimmers in a rich polish, verging on illumination.

They walk in two lines: Tanes in one, Vahines in the other, erect and dignified. Moving with grace and precision, arms swinging at their sides, they keep time with curving, swaying hips; drifting feet; and firmly held breasts and shoulders, proud and sure.

Now the drummers pause and swing their heavy drums from their shoulders to the ground. The two lines halt and wait. The drummers disappear; only the throbbing beat remains. It moves swiftly through the two waiting lines. As a wave pours over naked sand, embracing, possessing it, so do the drums possess the golden bodies, and they become two lines of swaying, undulating rhythm -- a Tahitian pageant.

--Bill Hyde
English IV

IN DEFENSE OF TELEVISION

RECENTLY, TELEVISION HAS BECOME THE SUBJECT OF A CONTROVERSY WITH FAR-REACHING IMPLICATIONS. NEWTON MINNOW'S INDICTMENT OF TELEVISION AS A "VAST WASTE LAND" HAS BECOME THE BATTLE CRY OF ALL THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE TELEVISION BECOME SOLELY A MEDIUM OF "CULTURAL ENLIGHTENMENT." HIS IDEA, THOUGH NOBLY CONCEIVED, INVOLVES CERTAIN PROBLEMS WHICH MUST AND WILL, IN TIME, BE SOLVED.

FIRST, IT MUST BE CONCEDED THAT TELEVISION IS A MASS MEDIUM AND AS SUCH IT SHOULD APPEAL TO THE GREAT MAJORITY OF PEOPLE. MASS COMMUNICATION OF WORLD EVENTS ON A LEVEL NEVER BEFORE IMAGINED HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY THE EXISTENCE OF FIFTY MILLION TELEVISION HOMES IN THE U.S.; AND THIS, IN TURN, HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FACT THAT TELEVISION IS POPULARLY ENTERTAINING. WOULD THERE BE FIFTY MILLION HOMES EQUIPPED WITH ONE OR MORE TELEVISION SETS IF TELEVISION HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN AN ANIMATED HARVARD FIVE-FOOT BOOKSHELF? ONLY NOW AND IN THE COMING YEARS WILL IT BE POSSIBLE EVEN TO THINK OF TRYING TO ORIENT TELEVISION CULTURALLY (AND STILL WE MAY BE PREMATURE IN THIS ATTEMPT). IN COMPARISON WITH THE PROGRAMMING OF A DECADE AGO, THERE HAVE BEEN A GREAT MANY ADVANCES TOWARD "CULTURE." YET THE FANTASTIC SUCCESS OF THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, WHILE A PROGRAM OF EVEN SLIGHTLY HIGHER STATURE SUCH AS THE RICHARD BOONE SHOW SEEMS (ACCORDING TO A RECENT TV GUIDE RELEASE) DESTINED FOR THE JUNK PILE, CAUSES ONE TO WONDER WHETHER WE ARE READY EVEN NOW FOR "CULTURAL TV."

IGNORING FOR THE PRESENT THE PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION OF WHETHER MASS ENTERTAINMENT SHOULD PROVIDE MASS CULTURE AND, FOR THAT MATTER, THE QUESTION OF WHAT "CULTURE" ACTUALLY IS, ONE ENCOUNTERS THOSE WHO STOUTLY CONTEND THAT AMERICANS ARE LOSING THE ARTS OF READING AND CONVERSATION AND ARE BECOMING "SLAVES OF TV." IF IT COULD BE SHOWN THAT ANY TYPE OF READING MATTER OR ANY TYPE OF CONVERSATION WERE MORE CULTURALLY ENLIGHTENING THAN TELEVISION, THEN THIS VIEWPOINT MIGHT BE JUSTIFIED. IF ONE CONSIDERS, HOWEVER, THAT AN AVERAGE CITIZEN'S READING MATTER WOULD PROBABLY BE NO MORE CULTURALLY ENLIGHTENING THAN HIS AVERAGE TELEVISION FARE, THEN TELEVISION HAS OBVIOUS ADVANTAGES IN TERMS OF A MASS NEWS MEDIUM. TELEVISION IS STILL IN ITS INFANCY, BUT, GIVEN TIME, IT WILL ADVANCE TO MEET THE CULTURAL NEEDS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

--BOB DEFRANCO
ENGLISH IV

PLENITUDE

THE PLANE WAS FLYING HIGH IN THE SKY. I WAS LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW, MY EYES FIXED ON SOME INDEFINITE POINT IN THE DARKNESS. THERE IT WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD, A WORLD I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. IT SEEMED SILENT AND CALM.

I WAS ALONE, SEPARATED FROM LIFE'S PACE. FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE I FELT FREED FROM THE REST OF THE LIVING WORLD, AND BEFORE ME WAS AN IMMENSITY THAT I DID NOT HAVE TO SHARE WITH ANYONE ELSE.

THAT SHORT PERIOD OF TIME WAS FILLED WITH SPIRITUAL RICHNESS; I FOUND MYSELF COMPLETELY ALONE WITH MYSELF. I FELT MY EXISTENCE AND ALMOST SUSPECTED ITS MEANING. THERE WAS A NEW FEELING OF QUIET HAPPINESS INSIDE ME. THE WORLD THAT HAD BEEN MY WORLD WAS NOT WITH ME. I WAS COMPLETELY AWAY FROM EVERYTHING. MY EYES ROVED THE UNLIMITED DARKNESS. SUDDENLY, THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW, FAINT GLIMMERS OF LIGHT BECAME VISIBLE THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE. A SECOND GLANCE MADE ME REALIZE THAT BELOW -- FAR BELOW ME -- WAS A SMALL VILLAGE, ITS LIGHTS GLITTERING IN THE NIGHT. I HAD RETURNED.

--XIMENA MARTINEZ
ENGLISH IV

A PARTING AT THE RIVER BANK

"WELL, DEAR FRIEND,
MISERLY TIME HAS BEEN INCLINED TO BE GENEROUS WITH YOU;
BUT YOUR NOTE AT LAST HAS FALLEN DUE.
WHAT CAN YOU SAY IN THIS LAST ACCOUNTING?
DID YOU LOVE?"

"OH, NO,
I COULD NOT AFFORD TO COMMIT MYSELF;
TO ALL I WAS CONGENIAL, BUT INDIFFERENT."

"THEN -- DID YOU HATE?"

"I LIKEWISE MADE NO ENEMY;
TO EVERY MAN I GAVE HIS DUE."

"WHAT, MY FRIEND, HAVE YOU BELIEVED?"

"NOTHING -- BUT MYSELF;
NO OTHER MAN COULD BE SO TRUE."

"WELL, DID YOU THEN, DISBELIEVE?"

"WHY, NO,
ALL WERE FAIRLY HEARD
AND RECEIVED MY TOLERATION."

"OH, DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,
MEN HAVE CALLED YOU SOULLESS IN TIMES PAST;
BUT NOW, INDEED, YOU REALLY ARE:
IN THAT YOU HAVE ACCEPTED EVERYTHING,
YOU NOW INDEED HAVE NOTHING --
NOT EVEN ME; FOR NOW I MUST DEPART,
AND LEAVE YOU IN OBLIVION."

--JEFF ARTHUR
ENGLISH IV

Do the Colors Blend in Heaven?

"Do the colors blend
As a rainbow in the sky,
Or do patches of black
Mar the expanses of white?"

Yea, a gray wind blows
Spreading the seeds
That mingle among rows
Of flowers alike.

"Do weeping willows bear
The strain of weather,
And do petrified forests
Line the horizon?"

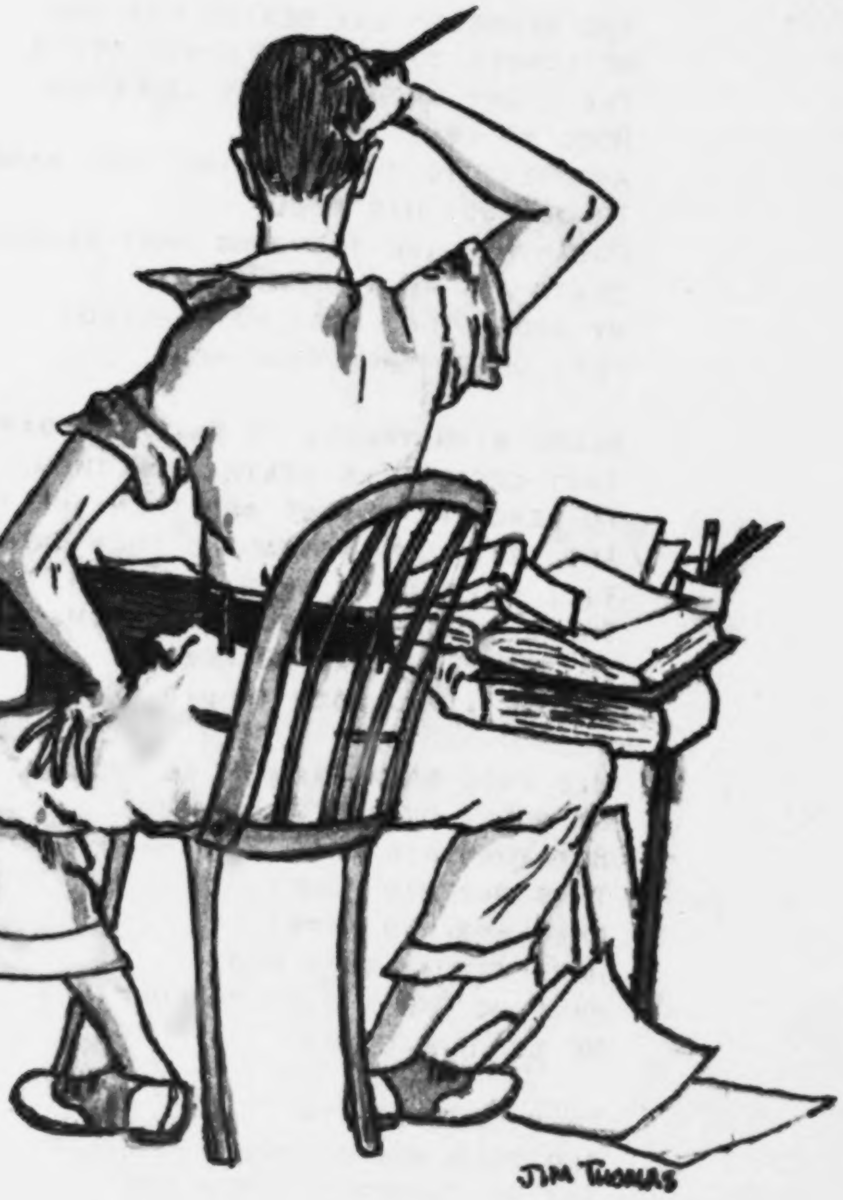
Yea, statues of lead stand majestically
In gardens of lilies,
While swarms of goldfish
Swim freely in ponds.

--Judy Tisdale
English IV

Why?

I sit at dusk on a deserted shore
In the world my God has made
Contemplating reason for my birth
And a life that must go on.
My life becomes a cloud of mist before my searching eyes
Hidden by another mist that fills a somber sky.
I've accomplished very little
Of any consequence
To mark me from the others,
Whose years have gone in vain. . .
I live to love my fellow man
And to give my life to God;
But why am I; and why, mankind;
And why *is* there a God?
My mind, I fear, too very small
To possibly conceive
The reason for creation
And all that men believe.
My faith alone must bridge the void
Unanswered questions leave
Of why am I and why is God. . .
And why, infinity.

--Eloise Sewell
English IV



THE POET

ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
SOME PEOPLE ARE POETS,
I'M NOT.

IF I WERE,
I WOULD WRITE
ABOUT THE STARS
  ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT,
BUT I CAN'T.
          --RIC BERSCH
            ENGLISH IV

Fear

The Sergeant lay beside his gun.
He longed to see the light again.
The light brought hope and calm.
Hope to live
And rest to the pounding that rang
Throughout his soul.
Pounding like the guns that rained
Death and fear upon them!
My God! They must have heard!
Yet, quiet they remained.

Alone with twelve to wait the dawn
That crept like death upon them.
To lead the twelve and then the ten;
And left with seven and then only two
Till not one of them remained.
These twelve looked up to him.
To twelve he had no fear;
To one it pounded in his veins.

His face grew calm as he thought of home,
Of work, of girls and fun.
But then his face grew hard again:
This was his home!
This was his life!
Here within this mud!
Here he had a duty to fulfill:
He led these men.

They came to him
And told him of their fears.
But he turned to them and
Shouted those fears back down their throats
And went into his tent.
But alone he felt the terror
That rose within,
And he longed to rip those stripes off his shirt
And turn to one to tell his fears.

But he left the tent,
And he led his men
With the courage
That only fear inspires.
He led the twelve
To graves upon the field.

--John Camphouse
English IV

A MOMENT

THE LITTLE KNOLL WAS PERHAPS TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE LIVING, TEEMING CAMP; BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN TWO HUNDRED MILES. THE POOL'S HAPPY SPLASHES AND THE GIRLS' PLAYFUL SHRIEKS, THE BALL GAME'S POUNDING FEET AND YELLS OF ENCOURAGEMENT OR DEJECTION, THE AIR'S THICK DUST AND DRY WARMTH -- ALL WERE BLOCKED OUT, HIDDEN, THEIR EXISTENCE ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE AND CERTAINLY UNIMPORTANT. HERE NO TRACE OF THE CAMP OR CIVILIZATION WAS APPARENT; THE FOREST WAS GREEN AND BROWN AND UNTOUCHED; THE GRANITE BOULDERS ON THE HILL WERE IN THEIR SAME ANCIENT PLACES. THERE WAS THE RARE QUIETNESS OF THE WORLD AT PEACE WITH ITSELF.

A FRIEND AND I WERE SITTING ON ONE OF THE SMALLER, CRUMBLY BOULDERS. HE WAS A BOY, BUT THERE WAS NO ROMANCE BETWEEN US; WE REALLY WERE MORE STRANGERS THAN FRIENDS. WE HAD BEEN SCRAMBLING MADLY OVER GRAVEL AND THROUGH MANZANITA, TRYING TO CATCH A LIZARD TO PUT IN SOMEONE'S SLEEPING BAG, BUT WE HAD FAILED. WE WANTED TO REST, AND WE LIKED EACH OTHER AND THE TRANQUILLITY AND THE BEAUTY AROUND US, SO WE SAT QUIETLY, WITHOUT TALKING.

CERTAINLY I WAS AWARE OF HIM AS A BOY. I KNEW HE WAS DARK AND GOOD-LOOKING, INTELLIGENT, AND TALENTED. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD DATE FOR SCHOOL, AND I MUST HAVE CONSIDERED THIS POSSIBILITY AS I SAT THERE. I WONDERED WHAT HE WAS THINKING AS HE STARED OFF AT THE TREES. AND I, TOO, JUST STARED OFF. THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED SO UTTERLY PEACEFUL. HALF-THOUGHTS AND DREAMS FLOATED THROUGH MY MIND ABOUT NATURE AND GOD, BUT I DID NOT CONSCIOUSLY PHILOSOPHIZE. AS I LOOK BACK ON IT, I WAS MORE IN A DAZE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

BUT AS WE SAT THERE, I BEGAN TO BECOME COMPLETELY CONSCIOUS OF THE PERSON NEXT TO ME. IT WAS AS IF AN INVISIBLE, MAGNETIC BEAM OF BEING WAS VIBRATING BETWEEN US. I SUDDENLY KNEW THAT HE EXISTED AND I KNEW THAT I EXISTED. THERE GREW IN ME A DEEP, SHARP CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIM, NOT AS A BOY OR A FRIEND OR EVEN A CREATION OF GOD, BUT SIMPLY AS A BEING. I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER HE FELT THIS MOMENT BETWEEN US, BUT I SUSPECT HE DID. AT ANY RATE, IT PASSED QUICKLY. SUCH A FEELING COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SUSTAINED FOR LONG, OR I WOULD HAVE BURST OR GONE MAD. IT WAS A MOMENT OF SUPREME AND ETERNAL KNOWLEDGE THAT, PERHAPS, WILL HAPPEN ONLY ONCE IN MY LIFETIME. I HOPE NOT, FOR IT MADE ME AWARE -- AND HOW EASY IT IS TO FORGET -- OF LIFE, AND THIS AWARENESS WAS INFINITELY VALUABLE.

--JUDY FOSTER
ENGLISH IV

INTO THE NIGHT

WHO PICKED A CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM,
THE TAIL LIGHT OF A MOTOR CAR TURNING A CORNER,
OR THE MIDNIGHT SIGN OF A CHILE CON CARNE PLACE,
OF A MAN OUT OF THE ASHES OF FALSE DAWN MUTTERING
OF HIS SINS TO THE NIGHT WATCHMAN;
IS THERE SOMEONE WHO HAS TAKEN NUMBER OF THE NIGHT'S
NOTHINGS? IS THE SOMEONE ME? OR YOU?

IS THERE A TIRED HEAD
WHICH THE NIGHT HAS NOT RESTED
AND KEPT ON ITS SHOULDERS.

IS THERE A WISH
THE NIGHT HAS NOT WRITTEN
AND SIGHED ITS NAME UNDER?

WHO GAVE THE NIGHT ANYTHING AT ALL
AND ASKED THE NIGHT QUESTIONS,
WONDERED WHY IT CAME
AND WAS LAUGHED AT?

THE NIGHT HAS COME
AND WILL STAY, THEN VANISH AS IT CAME;
WHAT SECRETS DOES IT HOLD?

IS THE NIGHT WOVEN OF ANYTHING ELSE
THAN THE SECRET WISHES OF WOMEN?
I ASKED THE NIGHT THESE QUESTIONS.
THE NIGHT WOULD NOT ANSWER,
IT ONLY LAUGHED.

I SAW THE NIGHT
PUT THESE WHISPERED NOTHINGS
ACROSS THE CITY OF DUST AND STONES,
OF DARKNESS AND DIRT;

AND THE PLAY OF A LIGHT RAIN,
THE JIG-TIME FOLLY OF A LIGHT RAIN,
THE CREEPERS OF A DRIZZLE ON THE SIDEWALKS
FOR THE POLICEMEN AND THE RAILROADERS,
FOR HOMEGOERS AND THE HOMELESS,
THE SILVER AND THE ASPHALT,
THE MANY FEET OF A FOG MIST THAT CREPT AWAY;

I SAW THE NIGHT'S FACE NEXT TO MINE
AND NOW I KNOW. . . AS I ALWAYS KNEW. . .
I KNOW THE NIGHT IS. . . EVERYTHING.
I KNOW THE NIGHT IS. . . ALL THE WORLD.

WOULD I SOME DAY BE EJECTED INTO THE NIGHT
ALONE AND FRIENDLESS
BEGGING THE NEW LILACS NODDING TO THE WIND
OR THE RAIN DRY FENCE BOARDS
FOR COMPANIONSHIP?
WOULD THE NIGHT TURN TO AN ENEMY?

I SAW THE NIGHT
CHANGE ITS MANY NOTHINGS TO IRRESISTIBLE FORCES
AND THE WIND SAYING: COME ON.

WHEN THE NIGHT CAME I SAW ALL THIS
AND MORE
THE NIGHT HAD COMETH REVEALING ALL,
IF ONLY IT COULD BE UNDERSTOOD. . .

A TAXI WHIZZES BY, A CABLE CAR CLUTTERS, PASSENGERS
YAWN READING STREET SIGNS, A BUM ON A PARK BENCH
SHIFTS, ANOTHER BUM KEEPS HIS MAJESTY OF STONE
STILLNESS, THE CORNICES OF THE METROPOLITAN ART
MUTTER THEIR OWN NOTHINGS TO THE MEN WITH ROLLED
UP COLLARS ON THE TOP OF A BUS:
BREATHS OF THE ATLANTIC, BREATHS OF TWO RIVERS, AND A HEAVE
OF HAWSERS AND SMOKESTACKS, CASTING OFF
THE TRIVIAL PROBLEMS OF EVERYDAY LIFE: AMONG THESE
I LISTEN TO THE NIGHT CALLING:
I GIVE YOU WHAT MONEY CAN NEVER BUY: ALL LOVERS CHANGE:
ALL FRIENDS GO AWAY AND COME BACK AND GO AWAY AGAIN:
I AM THE ONE YOU SLEPT WITH LAST NIGHT.
I AM THE ONE YOU WILL SLEEP WITH TONIGHT
AND TOMORROW NIGHT.
I AM THE ONE WHOSE SOUNDS KEEP YOUR HEAD WONDERING
AT NIGHT'S WIND CALL: COME ON.
COME ON:
CAN ANYONE ELSE COME ALONG NOW
AND PUT ACROSS THE NIGHT'S NOTHINGS AGAIN?

I HAVE WANTED KISSES MY HEART STUTTERED AT ASKING,
I HAVE POUNDED AT USELESS DOORS AND CALLED MY PEOPLE FOOLS,
I HAVE STAGGERED ALONE IN A WINTER DARK MAKING MUMBLE SONGS
TO THE STING OF A BLIZZARD THAT CLUTCHED AND SWORE.

IT WAS THE NIGHT IN MY BLOOD:
OPEN DREAMING NIGHT,
NIGHT OF TIRELESS SHEET-STEEL BLUE:
THE HANDS OF GOD WASHING SOMETHING,
FEET OF GOD WALKING SOMEWHERE.

--JIM THOMAS
ENGLISH IV

TELL ME

GRANDAD, WILL YOU TELL ME
WHY THEY'RE ALWAYS MAD
AND TELL ME I'M TOO LITTLE
AND THAT I'M ALWAYS BAD?

THEY TELL YOU 'CAUSE THEY LOVE YOU;
AND WHEN YOU'RE OLD AND GROWN,
THEY WANT YOU TO BECOME A MAN
WITH MORALS OF YOUR OWN.

BUT, GRANDAD, WHAT ARE MORALS,
ARE THEY QUARTERS BRIGHT AND NEW,
OR TOYS AND LOTS OF CANDY,
OR MANY THINGS TO DO?

NO, YOU'LL NEVER TOUCH A MORAL
OR DREAM OF ONE AT NIGHT,
BUT YOU'LL KNOW THAT THEY'RE INSIDE YOU
TO GUIDE YOU TO WHAT'S RIGHT.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY THEY'RE ALWAYS MAD
AND TELL ME I'M TOO LITTLE
AND THAT I'M ALWAYS BAD.

WELL, LAD, SOME DAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
THAT EVERY SCOLDING WORD
WAS A THOUGHT OF LOVE DEEP DOWN
THAT YOU NEVER HEARD.

--SUSAN VOGEL
ENGLISH IV

I HURT YOU ONCE SOME TIME AGO, I FEAR:
WE PARTED HATING, EACH WITHIN HIMSELF,
AND I, SO PROUD, SO GOOD, SHED NOT A TEAR,
AND "LOVE" I PUT AWAY AS ON A SHELF.
NOW SENSE HAS COME, MY HARSHNESS TO DISPLAY,
YOUR PARDON I NOW SEEK, YOUR LOVE I ASK.
I FEEL MY HUMBLENESS I MUST CONVEY,
HOW CAN WE MEET TO SHARE AND TO UNMASK?
WE'LL WORK AGAIN IN FRIENDSHIP TO EXPLORE
OURSELVES, OUR WANTS, OUR FEARS, OUR HOPES COMPOUND,
WITH FAITH AND HOPE O'ER CHASMS WE SHALL SOAR
TO REST ONCE MORE ON FIRM AND LOVING GROUND.
ON THIS OUR QUEST WE'LL ONE ANOTHER PROD;
WE'LL GO TOGETHER IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

--JAN MOSER
ENGLISH IV

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

THROUGHOUT MY LIFE I HAVE DISCOVERED A SURE WAY FOR MAKING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING PEOPLE. THIS TECHNIQUE HAS BEEN ACQUIRED PARTIALLY THROUGH EXPERIENCE AND PARTIALLY THROUGH OBSERVATION. HERE ARE SOME OF THE METHODS I HAVE FOUND.

(1) NEVER DRESS APPROPRIATELY FOR AN OCCASION. WHEREVER YOU ARE ASKED, MAKE SURE YOU APPEAR FILTHY, UNKEMPT, AND ALTOGETHER GRUBBY. AN APPEARANCE OF THIS SORT WILL MAKE PEOPLE NOTICE YOU, AND CONSEQUENTLY YOU WILL ENJOY IMMEDIATE AND COMPLETE ISOLATION.

(2) NEVER SMILE. SMILING MAKES PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE HAPPY AND THAT YOU ARE SATISFIED WITH THEIR COMPANY. IF THEIR FRIENDSHIP IS WORTH OBTAINING, YOU WILL GET IT WHETHER YOU ARE FRIENDLY OR NOT. YOU WILL ACQUIRE A SINGULAR REPUTATION FOR FRIGIDITY.

(3) NEVER BE WELL ROUNDED. KNOW A LOT ABOUT ONE SUBJECT AND FORCE OTHERS TO TALK ABOUT THAT SUBJECT. IF YOU ARE A MALE, LEARN A GREAT DEAL ABOUT INTEGRAL CALCULUS; IF ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU ARE A FEMALE, ASTONISH YOUR ACQUAINTANCES WITH A LECTURE ON ANTHROPOLOGY. THESE SUBJECTS ARE SURE TO BE OF VITAL INTEREST TO EVERYONE AND WILL SOON ESTABLISH YOU AS A TREMENDOUS BORE.

(4) NEVER BE CONSIDERATE OF OTHER PEOPLE. THIS TRAIT WILL ALLOW PEOPLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU. CURSE AT THOSE WHO GET IN YOUR WAY; PUSH THE WEAKLINGS FROM YOUR PATH. NEVER HESITATE IN THIS ENDEAVOR, AND YOU WILL BE DEEPLY DESPISED.

(5) FINALLY, BE OVERPOWERING AND SELF-CENTERED. THERE IS NOTHING MORE DELIGHTFUL TO PEOPLE THAN TO LISTEN TO SOMEONE TALK ABOUT HIMSELF FOR GREAT LENGTHS OF TIME. NEVER TAKE AN INTEREST IN ANYONE OTHER THAN YOURSELF. THIS WEAKNESS MAY ALLOW OTHERS TO EXPLOIT YOUR FEELINGS AND TO DESTROY YOUR EGOTISM. BY FOLLOWING THIS FINAL RULE, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TOTALLY UNWANTED, UNLOVED, AND UNHAPPY.

THESE FIVE SIMPLE RULES EXEMPLIFY THE WAY TO ACHIEVE STRONG BONDS BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR FELLOW MAN. BY FOLLOWING THESE RULES, IN THE LONG RUN, YOU WILL BE ABSOLUTELY WRETCHED.

--JEANINE CRIPE
ENGLISH IV

THE MIND

THE MIND FLOATS GENTLY DOWN
A LOVELY STREAM OF THOUGHT,
THEN STOPS TO DIP INTO A POOL
OF DEEP UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

--HEIDI MILLER
ENGLISH IV

INDIVIDUALISM

"BE AN INDIVIDUAL" -- THIS IS THE AMERICAN DREAM. IN OUR SOCIETY MUCH EMPHASIS IS PLACED UPON THE IMPORTANCE OF MAINTAINING PERSONAL WORTH. AMERICAN YOUTH IS TAUGHT TO LOOK UP TO THE IMAGE OF "RUGGED" INDIVIDUALISM: THE FOUNDING FATHER, THE PIONEER, THE MAN WHO STRIKES OUT ON HIS OWN TO MAKE A NEW BEGINNING. INDIVIDUALISM IMPLIES STRENGTH OF CHARACTER AND FREEDOM FROM BINDING SOCIAL DICTATES. THE "RUGGED" INDIVIDUAL OFTEN SETS UP HIS OWN STANDARDS OF JUDGMENT AND THEREBY SEPARATES HIMSELF, AT LEAST IN HIS OWN MIND, FROM THE MASSES. THIS SELF-IMPOSED DISTINCTION OFTEN MAKES THE "RUGGED" INDIVIDUAL LOSE RESPECT AND CONCERN FOR HIS FELLOW MAN. HE IS CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN INDIVIDUAL WORLD. THIS IS ONE EXTREME OF INDIVIDUALISM; THE OTHER, MORE COMMON EXTREME IS CONFORMITY.

IT IS A BASIC TENET OF MANY PSYCHOLOGISTS (NOTABLY HORNEY AND SULLIVAN) THAT MAN'S BASIC DRIVE IS FOR SECURITY. MAN OFTEN SEEKS THIS SECURITY BY "KEEPING IN STEP" WITH HIS PEERS. THERE IS STRENGTH IN NUMBERS AND COMFORT IN BELONGING TO "THE GROUP." WHILE THIS NEED FOR SECURITY EXISTS AT ALL AGE LEVELS, IT MANIFESTS ITSELF NOTICEABLY IN ADOLESCENT CONFORMITY. IRONICALLY, THIS CONFORMITY IS OFTEN MOST STRINGENT UNDER THE PRETENSE OF NONCONFORMING REBELLION FROM THE STATUS QUO. AN APPROPRIATE EXAMPLE IS THE "SURFER": AS LONG AS HE CONFORMS TO THE NEW DRESS, LANGUAGE, AND ATTITUDE STANDARDS, ONE CAN BE A SURFER EVEN IF HE CANNOT SWIM.

HOWEVER, THE SIGNIFICANCE WHICH MAKES EACH ONE OF US UNIQUE AND TRULY INDIVIDUAL IS NOT PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OR ANY OTHER QUALITY THAT CAN BE COMPREHENDED BY THE SENSES. THE CLOWN IN THE GRAVE YARD SCENE OF HAMLET POINTED OUT THAT HE WAS BURYING, NOT A WOMAN, BUT ONE WHO WAS ONCE A WOMAN -- IMPLYING THAT THE BODY IS ONLY A TANGIBLE REPRESENTATION OF THE REAL SELF. IT SEEMS LOGICAL THAT MAN'S INDIVIDUALITY IS HIDDEN IN THE VERY CORE OF HIS BEING, THE SOUL. IT IS GENERALLY A BELIEF OF CHRISTIANS THAT THIS SOUL OR SPIRIT IS A UNIQUE AND PERSONAL GIFT FROM GOD. ACTUALLY IT IS THE PART OF GOD WHICH IS WITHIN MAN -- THE ABILITY TO LOVE, TO HAVE FAITH, TO FORGIVE -- ALL THE QUALITIES WHICH MAN HAS THAT MAKE HIM, AS THE BIBLE SAYS, "IN THE IMAGE OF GOD."

THE PERSON WHO REALIZES THAT THE ESSENCE OF HIS INDIVIDUALITY COMES FROM AND IS A PART OF GOD IS DIFFERENT FROM THE "RUGGED" INDIVIDUAL. THE "RUGGED" INDIVIDUAL FEELS THAT THERE HAS BEEN NO OUTSIDE, CONTROLLING INFLUENCE ON HIS LIFE. AS FAR AS HE IS CONCERNED, HE HAS SET OUT ON HIS OWN AND WON HIS OWN TRIUMPHS. SINCE HE IS, IN A WAY, HIS OWN GOD, HE HAS LITTLE NEED FOR HIS FELLOW MAN.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE REAL INDIVIDUAL RECOGNIZES THAT HE IS NOT ON HIS OWN; HE IS NOT BY HIMSELF. SINCE GOD HAS GIVEN A SOUL TO EVERY MAN AND LIVES WITHIN EVERY MAN, THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL FEELS THIS COMMON BOND; HE RECOGNIZES THE FACT THAT HE IS A "BROTHER" IN THE "FAMILY OF MAN." WITH THIS SECURITY OF BELONGING, THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL DOES NOT NEED TO SEEK OUTWARD SIGNS OF BELONGING; HE DOES NOT NEED TO CONFORM FOR CONFORMITY'S

SAKE. AS THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL ACCEPTS HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AS A CHILD OF GOD AND A BROTHER OF MAN, HE FREES HIMSELF FROM THE LONELINESS OF "RUGGED" INDIVIDUALISM AND THE NONIDENTITY OF CONFORMITY. THIS REAL INDIVIDUALISM SHOULD BE THE GOAL OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.

--LESLIE TAYLOR
ENGLISH IV

DREAMS

AS THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN
LICK THE SAND,
I SIT HERE ALL ALONE.
HOW SMALL AM I
COMPARED TO THE VAST EXPANSE
OF WATER BEFORE ME.
AS THE TINY RIPPLE
IS SWALLOWED
UPON THE CREST OF A WAVE,
I, TOO, AM ENGULFED
IN A WAVE OF DESPAIR.

WHAT AWAITS ME IN A WORLD
THAT HAS NO TIME TO WAIT
FOR DREAMERS?
WILL I DISCARD MY DREAMS
AS CARELESSLY AS THE CASCADING WAVES
POUR THEIR SILVER OUT?
OR WILL I TREASURE THEM
AS THE SEA NYMPH, WHO
HIDES HER GLITTERING TRINKETS
IN THE WARM, BEIGE SANDS.
WILL THE GLOW AND WONDER
OF MY DREAMS DISAPPEAR
AS THE SEA FOAM THAT SEEPS
AWAY INTO ALREADY MOIST SAND?
OR WILL THEY STRETCH ON
AS THE SHIMMERING SHORE,
WHICH UNFURLS LIKE A GOLDEN GLOWING
RIBBON TO MEET THE HORIZON?

THE GOLDEN SUN SLIPS AWAY,
AND HIS SUDDEN FLIGHT FORETELLS
A BEWILDERING WORLD.
A CHILL WIND BLOWS FROM THE SEA.

--JANNA LOWE
ENGLISH IV

DOUBT

I PAUSE HERE TO PONDER, TO QUESTION, ALONE
ON THE EVE BEFORE THE DAY OF MY WEDDING.
BESEECHINGLY, DESPERATELY, I PLEAD
INTO THE NIGHT FOR COMFORT.
DOUBTS, LIKE MYRIADS OF TINY DARTS,
ARE PRICKING AT MY MIND AND HEART
AND ARE FORCING ME TO QUESTION THE WISDOM
OF MY FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.
UNCERTAINTY CLUTCHES AT MY BOSOM AS I WONDER
IF THIS MARRIAGE SHOULD BE.
IN A MOMENT OF MOONLIT MAGIC
DID I GIVE AN ANSWER TRAGIC
TO BOTH OUR FUTURES?
WOULD WE BE CONTENT TO BE AS ONE?
HAS THE PROMISE OF SECURITY
BLURRED MY REASONING POWERS,
AND HAS THE FEAR OF LONELY HOURS
MADE ME GRASP AT HIS PROPOSAL --
DO I REALLY LOVE HIM?

CAN I WILLINGLY SACRIFICE MY SINGLE LIFE
AND FREEDOM TO BECOME HIS WIFE?
WILL THE TENDER FEELINGS WE NOW EXPRESS
REMAIN FRESH THROUGHOUT OUR YEARS TOGETHER?
WILL THE STRUGGLE AND TEARS
OF DAILY EXISTENCE STRENGTHEN OUR BOND OF LOVE
OR SHRED IT WITH EACH NEW CRISIS?
WHEN OUR BODIES LOSE THEIR OUTWARD BEAUTY,
WILL OUR LOVE LOSE ITS PASSION?
CAN I, LIKE RUTH, FOLLOW AND HONOR HIM
AS MY MASTER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFETIME?
DO I LOVE HIM ENOUGH FOR ALL THIS?

--NILA HESS
ENGLISH IV

COME AGAIN?

IN MY OPINION, I THINK THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL WORSE THAN PEOPLE WHO ARE CONSTANTLY AND CONTINUOUSLY REDUNDANT ALL THE TIME. FOREVER AND EVER THEY ALWAYS AND INVARIABLY DRAG SOMETHING OUT UNTIL ALL THE MEANING AND CONNOTATION OF THEIR WORDS IS COMPLETELY AND IRREVOCABLY LOST FOREVER. WHEN A PERSON WHO IS REDUNDANT ALL THE TIME DRAWS A DESCRIPTION IN WORDS, HE REPEATS IT OVER AND OVER AND AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL ONE HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT THE SPEAKER HAD STARTED TO SPEAK ABOUT; OR ONE COULD CARE LESS OR EVEN WORSE, ONE DOESN'T CARE AT ALL. I MYSELF, CAN'T HELP THINKING THOUGHTS THAT WHEN THESE INDIVIDUAL PERSONS WRITE THEIR IDEAS DOWN IN WRITING, THEY MUST AND DO SOUND FOOLISHLY SILLY. DON'T YOU ALSO THINK SO, TOO?

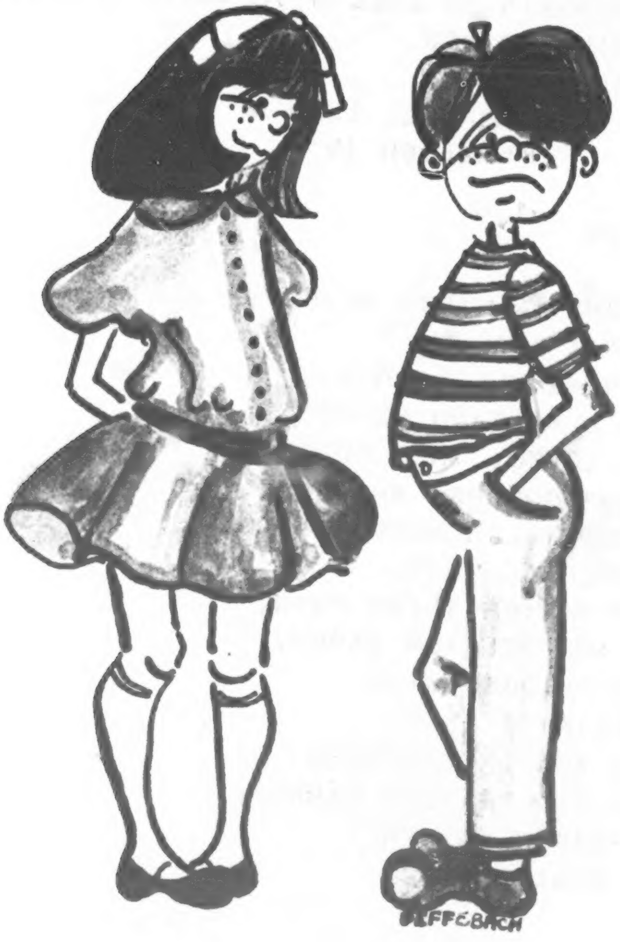
--MAYA MORSE
ENGLISH IV

Young Love

Young love is such a beautiful affair. Two people with mutual feelings of happiness and contentment become as one and experience the great joy and bliss of love. But what might be labeled really young love is slightly different from this other strain.

Zelma is six. Zelma is in love. Oh joy, oh rapture, the little darling has at last found the one, the joy of her heart, Hubert Frap. What a man! Together they will share the successes and failures of life. She will still be at his side when he is first out in foursquare; his love will remain strong, hopscotch failure after hopscotch failure. No longer will Zelma have to stand alone on the playground. No longer is the jungle-jim the home of scabby knees, but now a lovers' rendezvous. Spring is here and two lost, lonely souls have found each other. But the honeymoon does not last long. Soon, the change in life sets in. The precarious feelings of the very young can alter the color of "the affair." This does not mean love is lost, but simply that it takes on a new face. Zelma's man becomes a woman hater, a pal fancier. But somehow a woman finds the strength to understand. Zelma displays a cheery smile when Hubert Frap (whom she has taken the liberty of calling Hubert) gives her an earnest kick in the shins (he cares!). Now this may sound a bit harsh, but after all clunky Zel (as Hubert affectionately refers to her) has probably just committed the despicable sin of the Kiss! Such trivia (mush) is not to be tolerated, ever. And herein lies the eternal tragedy of the young lovers' affair. On the one hand is cute little Zelma (or clunky Zel, if you prefer) trying desperately to show her love and plant one little kiss on her man's grubby little chin. On the other hand, we see rough-n-tumble Hubert Frap (or just Hubert, if you like), trying to get just one clear shot at our little angel with a dirt clod. These mixed desires are a source of torment to our lovers and rather tend to make for a strained relationship. What is this thing called love? Ask Zelma.

--Marla Morgan
English IV



A CONVERSATION

"HO THERE, PEASANT. A FINE, STRONG BACK YOU HAVE.
I NEED AN ARM LIKE YOURS TO SERVE ME IN MY TOWN.
DROP THAT WORTHLESS LOAD, MUCH BETTER YOU'LL DO WITH ME.
I'LL MAKE A GENTLEMAN OF YOU, WHAT'S MORE -- YOU'LL BE SERVING ME."

"PARDON MY SAYING, LORD, I'D RATHER LIVE MY LIFE
AMONG THESE FINE OLD CRAGS, THESE SPIRES WHERE I FIRST GAINED LIFE.
THEIR WALLS SUPPORT MY LOAD, THEIR WINDS MY BREATH REVIVE."

"TELL ME DIRT'S BETTER, YOU MISERABLE MAN,
THAN MY FINE FURNISHED PALACE, MY SCHOOLING AND GRACE.
YOU'RE ILL WITH YOUR IGNORANCE OF WHAT COUNTS IN LIFE.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MAN AND HIS WORLD?"

"MANTLED MOUNTAINS COLDLY BLUE IN THE MOON,
AS STARS DESCEND, WARM TO GOLD IN THE DOWN.
EACH DAY IS STRANGE AND NEW AND LIFE IS GOOD.
THIS LAND IS MINE, FOR I LOVE IT AS LIFE."

"FOOL, KNOW YOU NOT THAT I OWN THIS LAND,
I LIVE IN GREAT COMFORT, BUT I TOO CAN SEE
THESE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS YOU SING OF.
ALL YOU HAVE THAT I DON'T IS THE DIRT ON YOUR FACE."

"YES, LORD, YOU SEE, BUT NOT WHAT IS THERE.
YOUR EYES ARE BLIND WITH CITY SOOT, YOUR BRAIN IS DULL WITH WHEEL'S NOISE.
YOU KNOW NOT THESE LANDS; THEY GIVE NOTHING TO YOU.
RETURN TO YOUR LANDS, LEAVE ME TO MY WEALTH."

--RANDALL LUND
ENGLISH IV

INSPIRATION

EACH NIGHT THE SILENCE REIGNS IN MAGIC HEIGHTS
AMONG PAST GLORIES NEVER IN A SHROUD,
WHILE EAGLES SOAR SO LOW AMONG THE LIGHTS
OF STATUES, LEGENDS, TOMBS NOW STANDING PROUD.
IN RAIN OR SNOW, DEFIED OR LOVED, THEY GUIDE
THE LONELY GUESTS ON TOURIST GROUPS, WHO GAZE
WITH STRENGTHENED FAITH AND WILL RENEWED INSIDE
EACH SOUL FOR BATTLE ALL ETERNAL DAYS.
AWAY FROM SHRINES OF PILGRIM RIGHTS AND PAIN,
THE MINDS RETURN TO GREED AND SELFISH CARES,
THE LOVE OF LOST FORGOTTEN PLEDGES WANE
AS FEWER STRONG MAJESTIC SPIRITS DARE.
THE WORLD IS GROWING SMALL AND UNCONCERNED
FOR LACK OF FAITH AND WILL AND PRAISES EARNED.

--KAREN SNYDER
ENGLISH IV

THE BRIGHTNESS AND THE SHROUD

"HOW DARE YOU BURN SO BOLDLY BRIGHT,
WITH NE'ER BUT FLEETING FROWN,
AND KNOW THAT WITH YOUR LIFE'S PROGRESS,
I SHAN'T BUT TEAR YOU DOWN?"

"THOUGH OFTEN YOU MAY SEEK THEIR DEATH,
VAST WALLS I WILL REBUILD;
FOR AS YOU KNOW, DARK-SHROUDED SIR,
A SPIRIT IS NOT KILLED."

"OF SPIRITS TELL ME NOTHING MORE!
FOR HYPOCRISY THEY STAND.
AS CRIPPLED SOULS THEY CRAWL BENEATH
MY ARMORED, VENGEFUL HAND."

"NEVER SHALL THREATS BIND ME
TO THE FEAR OF CEASELESS NIGHT,
FOR FEAR IS WEAKNESS YOURS ALONE
AND ALL WHO FEAR YOUR MIGHT."

"WASTE NOT ALL YOUR SHALLOW WORDS,
WHOSE MEANING IS BUT LOST,
SEEKING BUT TO PLEAD FOR TIME
AT SUCH A NEEDLESS COST!"

"THE COST IS NEVER MINE, BUT YOURS.
MERE BENEFITS ARE MINE.
THE SHALLOW WORDS ARE YOURS, GRAY SIR,
AND YOURS THE PLEA FOR TIME."

"PLAGUE ME NOT WITH TWISTED WORDS,
WHOSE MOTIVE IS SO WEAK!
I SHALL BUT YET DESTROY YOU, LIGHT,
WHEN FROM ME AID YOU SEEK!"

"A LIGHT AS MINE SHALL SEEK NO AID,
AS WILL YOURS THIS BREAKING MORN,
WHEN FLEES THE SOOTY SHROUD OF NIGHT
FROM THE ETERNITY OF DAWN."

--LAUREL TENNEY
ENGLISH IV

RAINBOW

RAINBOW, YOU MAKE A STORM TOSSED SKY
AT PEACE
YOU MAKE A BLEAK DAY
A BEAUTIFUL ONE,
YOU MAKE A LITTLE CHILD
SHOUT WITH GLEE,
YOU MAKE ME HAPPY JUST
TO ADMIRE YOU.

RED
A HAPPY COLOR
WARM AND GAY,
A BRIGHT POPPY
OR A KITE HIGH IN THE SKY.
ORANGE
A WARM COLOR
TOASTED AND BRIGHT,
A GAY PARTY DRESS
OR A BRIGHT RIBBON ON A BOBBING HEAD.
YELLOW
A CHEERFUL COLOR
ALL HAPPINESS,
A BRIGHT KITCHEN CURTAIN
OR A FIELD OF DAISIES.
GREEN
A DEEP COLOR
COOL AND CRISP,
A LEAFY FOREST
OR A COOL MEADOW.
BLUE
A CONFLICTING COLOR
WARM AND COLD,
A STORMY SKY
OR A BUBBLING CREEK.
VIOLET
A MOODY COLOR
COLD AND FOREBODING,
A HARSH EYE
OR A MOUNTAIN SUMMIT.
RAINBOW
LIGHT AND DARK,
SWEET AND SOUR,
AS DIFFERENT AS LIFE ITSELF.

--PEGGY DAVIES
ENGLISH IV

ISOLATION

ALONE AT LAST!
NO ONE CAN DISTURB THIS QUIETNESS,
NOR INTERRUPT MY JOYFUL BLISS.
WAIT -- WHAT NOISE DO I HEAR
THAT DARES TO BREAK THE STILLNESS?
AH, YES. THE DOG AND CAT ARE AT PLAY.
I CAN'T HAVE SILENCE IF THEY STAY
INSIDE. I'LL PUT THEM OUT OF DOORS
WHERE THEY'LL RUIN MY PEACE NO MORE.

ALONE AT LAST!
BUT WHAT SHALL I DO?
I SHALL GAZE AT THE VIEW
OF THE VALLEY LIGHTS AND IMAGINE THAT EACH LIGHT
IS MORE THAN IT IS. IS THAT FLICKERING BLUR A COMET
THAT FROM SOME DISTANT STAR TRAVELED TO THIS CITY OF MINE?
NO! IT IS NOTHING BUT A NEON SIGN,
AND THESE LIGHTS FEIGN NOTHING MORE FOR ME
THAN EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE.

ALONE AT LAST!
NO MORE IMAGINING FOR ME;
A GOOD BOOK SHALL BE MY COMPANY.
BUT, WAIT! WHAT A HIDEOUS SCREAM I HEAR!
DOES IT COME FROM A CAT OR A WOMAN?
AND WHAT CAUSES THAT RUSTLING OF LEAVES
OUTSIDE MY WINDOW? IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE BREEZE,
BUT STILL I TURN ON AN OUTSIDE LIGHT
TO QUELL THIS FOOLISH FEELING OF FRIGHT.

ARE THE DOORS LOCKED? ARE THE WINDOWS TIGHT SHUT?
IT MAY BE IRRATIONAL TO BE AFRAID, BUT
AFTER ALL, I'M ALONE. . . ALONE?
WHY AM I ALONE IN THIS SOMBER HOUSE?
TO ENJOY THE SILENCE? TO
READ A GOOD BOOK? TO SAVOR THE VIEW?
ENOUGH OF THIS ISOLATION. A FRIEND IS WHAT I NEED
TO MAKE MY "JOYFUL BLISS" COMPLETE.

--SUSAN SHUGERT
ENGLISH IV

Do Spring Rains Fall Again This Year

Do spring rains fall again this year
On forests I once knew,
Where oaks and maples sprouted green,
And chirping songbirds flew?

Oh yes, the rains still patter down
To mark the birth of Spring;
And high above the forest floor
The songs of larks still ring.

Do rolling fields still feel the plow
Once winter snows are gone,
And daffodils still yellow bloom
Beside the unmown lawn?

Oh yes, the farmers till the soil,
The pungent, fertile ground;
And Mother Nature's sweet bouquets
Still fragrantly abound.

Do earthly cities still possess
The majesty of old,
With cars and crowds and buildings all
A pleasure to behold?

Oh yes, the cities stand today,
And cars still crowd the street;
And men still seek for happiness:
Yes, life on earth is sweet.

Do all men live in freedom now,
And are they free from fear;
And have men yet forgotten me
This long eventful year?

No, men on earth still worry now,
But not as in your case;
And no one will forget you: our
First earthman left in space.

--Bob Moore
English IV

THE MAN WHO WON HER HEART AND HAND

WHILE LINGERING BY FIELDS OF TRANQUIL WHITE
THAT REACHED FROM HERE TO WHERE THE LIGHT
FROM FAR BEYOND NO LONGER WARMED EACH BUTTERCUP,
A MAN CAME UP TO ME
WHO'D SEEN AS MANY DAYS AS I.

HE STOPPED AND TALKED OF HOW HIS LIFE HAD BEEN
WHILE HE HAD LIVED WITH HIS OLD HEN!
"I LOVE HER STILL, BUT SHE HAS CHANGED
LIKE STALKS BEFORE THE WINTER STORM;
AND I'M TO HER THE SAME."

I PONDERED BUT A MOMENT O'ER THE THOUGHTS HE RAISED
AND ANSWERED HIM IN WORDS OF PRAISE
OF THE LOVE I'D E'ER POSSESS FOR THE ONE
WHO'D SPENT HER LIFE WITH ME,
FOR A LOVE NO TIME COULD DULL.

"THROUGH THE LINES OF TIME, THROUGH THE MASK OF YEARS,
IF YOU REALLY LOVED HER,
YOU WILL ALWAYS SEE THE FACE YOU HAVE LOVED AND WON.
A FACE OF YOUTH AND HOPE
A FACE THAT SAYS, 'I LOVE YOU.'

"A WOMAN THAT REALLY LOVES A MAN
DOES NOT SEE THAT HE GROWS OLD;
HE IS NOT DECREPIT TO HER; HE DOES NOT TREMBLE; HE IS NOT OLD;
SHE ALWAYS SEES THE GENTLEMAN
WHO WON HER HEART AND HAND.

"I LIKE TO THINK OF LOVE THAT WAY
TO THINK THAT LOVE WILL ALWAYS STAY.
AND PERHAPS AS WE GO DOWN THE HILL TOGETHER,
THE BIRDS OF LOVE AND JOY WILL SING ONCE MORE
IN THE LEAFLESS BRANCHES OF THE TREE OF AGE."

THIS IS HOW IT WAS FOR ME.
FOR HIM IT MIGHT NOT EVER BE.
I LINGERED THERE AS HE WENT ON;
I STAYED BY FIELDS OF TRANQUIL WHITE
THAT DARKENED IN THE FADING LIGHT.

--JOHN CAMPHOUSE
ENGLISH IV

Olympia

He was in fifth place coming into the last turn. Despite his burning lungs and leaden legs, he forced himself to pick up the pace. He passed all of them but the leader before he came into the final straightaway. Ordinarily, he would not have passed on a turn because of the extra distance he was required to run; but if he was to come within striking distance of the leader, he must be behind him in the final stretch. The protests of his tortured body were forgotten; his entire being concentrated on the man in front of him. His experienced eyes caught a slight twitching in the man's neck, and a movement of the shoulders toward the head. His foe was beginning to tighten. This was the moment he had waited for, and he struck. His young body, trained by years of intensive work, responded like the finely tuned machine that it was. To any onlookers his stride and running would have looked the same, except that he was going faster. He retained his form; but his knees drove up slightly higher, and he pumped his elbows back further. As he went past, his opponent faltered under the pressure and dropped rapidly back. He fled to the tape in a state of fear and excitement, followed closely by his pursuers.

When he came to a stop, it was as if he had suddenly been hit by a fist. His knees buckled as his body paid him for its abuse. He was struck by a wave of nausea, muscular pain, and dizziness. Once again his mind detached itself from his overexerted body. He remembered the years of sweat, blood, tears, triumphs, and defeats that had lead to this moment. He also became aware of the thunderous applause of one hundred thousand people pounding on his heaving chest. This moment of triumph was well worth the many years of sacrifice and toil. He had joined the select ranks of Olympic victors.

--Marsh Tanner
English IV

His Splendors

Majestic pines bristling with cones,
Mammoth rocks shaped by the sea,
Placid lakes shimmering in the sun,
Peaceful meadows swaying with a song,
Swift lizards darting across the sand,
Speckled fish squirming on a hook,
His splendors.

Reminiscent evening drawing near
Brings resounding thoughts to mind.
In solitude a maid as I
Often laments her loneliness.
Sunlight would have slipped away
Long ago had I not loved
His splendors.

--Sandy Granneman
English IV

IF. . .

IF I COULD RIDE THE CLOUDS OF DUSKY NIGHT
AND SOAR TO GALAXIES EONS REMOTE,
WE'D WATCH AND RULE ALL WORLDS WITH RAPT DELIGHT.
IF I COULD DIVE TO STYGIAN DEPTHS BELOW
AND TAME THE BRINY BEASTS WITH TRITON'S HORN,
WE'D REIGN SUPREME IN CORAL MAJESTY;
AND IF THE POWER WERE MINE TO ADORN,
CELESTIAL HOSTS WOULD BE YOUR TAPESTRY.
IN VAIN, I'D TRY TO RIDE THE WING'D DARK.
TO SUBJUGATE THE WHITEST OCEAN FOAM
WOULD BE A TASK AS FUTILE AS TO MARK
MYSELF, KING OF MYRIAD WORLDS UNKNOWN;
AND IF I MIGHT, ALL THINGS I'D GLADLY DO
THAT I UNMASK MY DEEPEST LOVE FOR YOU.

--ELOISE SEWELL
ENGLISH IV

LONELINESS

LONELINESS IS A SOLITARY TREE ON THE HORIZON;
LONELINESS IS A SHACK IN THE DESERT.
LONELINESS IS A NEGRO IN A CAUCASIAN SCHOOL;
LONELINESS IS FIGHTING FOR ONE'S OPINION.
LONELINESS IS LOOKING AT THE WORLD THROUGH A GLASS CAGE;
LONELINESS IS BELONGING TO A GROUP, YET NOT BELONGING.
LONELINESS IS UNHAPPINESS.

--JEANINE CRIPE
ENGLISH IV

A FRIEND

I DID NOT KNOW THEN
THAT FRIEND OF MINE.
SORRY NOW THAT I DIDN'T SHOW HIM
ONE FRIENDLY SIGN.

BUT FOR HIM I CRITICIZED THE WAY HE HAD
TO MAKE ME SEE
MY ENVY OF THE PRAISE HE HAD
FOR PRAISING ME.

I WOULD HAVE SENT HIM AWAY FOREVER
ONCE IN MY PRIDE.
HIS WORTH I NEVER KNEW
UNTIL HE DIED.

--TED DREW
ENGLISH IV

Life's Joys Are Like Grapes . . .

"My boy, stop your sinning;
When you're older, you'll see
That Heaven takes only
Clean livers like me."

"Old man, what is better --
To live as I want to,
Or have the Lord tell me
How He thinks I ought to?"

"Drink wine and make merry,
You'll learn, foolish boy. . .
That Life was not made
For you to enjoy."

"I sin and am happy;
I drink and don't care;
If I wait 'til tomorrow,
I might not be there."

"Life's joys are like grapes
That hang on the stem;
Some pick them, some paint them,
I squash them and drink them!"

"I'll live in this world,
You live in Heaven;
Let you wait for Angels,
I'll stick with just men."

--Craig Johnson
English IV

The Seeker

Tell me, wild Wind,
Is Romance by your side?
Is there a lover blown to me
Adrift the wild night tide?

This stormy sea of life
Has but a vacant sky --
A fathomless horizon
On which no ship drifts by.

Answer, soft spring Breeze,
Is there one such as I,
Who knows the pangs of empty heart
In which no peace can lie?

--Bill Hyde
English IV

Woodcuts

Woodcuts, class, are easy enough,
If you make them from some cheaper stuff,
And work, of course, with your negative space.
So stop your drawing and in its place
We'll spend two weeks or maybe three
Immortalizing a weathered tree,
Or blushing girls, or a sun-drenched lea;
But don't include the shades of bark,
Or the rose of cheek, or the meadowlark:
They don't print well -- just light and dark.
It takes a knack, but before you're through
You'll learn to make much of what you do.
You can make them from some cheaper stuff --
Woodcuts, class, are easy enough.

--Jim Sharp
English IV

WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE IS PEACE,

SINGING CRICKETS UNDER AUGUST'S STARRY SKY,
A RAMBLING VALLEY OF GILDED DAFFODILS,
THE GREEN GLOW OF WHISPERING SURF ON A MOONLESS NIGHT,
AND A QUIET WORD FROM HIS LIPS.

LOVE IS WONDER,

A SLEEPY PUPPY AROUSED BY A WAYWARD BUTTERFLY,
THE GLISTENING WINGS OF A BEE TIPTOEING ON A PETAL,
THE VASTNESS OF THE CELESTIAL SPACES,
AND HIS SMILE OF UNDERSTANDING.

LOVE IS SOFTNESS,

A FRAGILE FLOWER SWAYING IN A GENTLE BREEZE,
CREAM CLOUDS FLOATING IN A SATIN SKY,
PINE BOUGHS NESTLED IN THE POWDERY SNOW,
AND HIS TOUCH UPON MY CHEEK.

LOVE IS BEAUTY,

A PALM SILHOUETTED AGAINST A FIERY SUNSET,
WATER GENTLY FALLING INTO A PLACID POOL,
THE SUN PLAYING GOLDEN RAYS ON A SHADY PATH,
AND THE WARMTH OF HIS HAND IN MINE.

--SYD MARRIOTT
ENGLISH IV

LOVE

LOVE IS A FLEXIBLE RELATIONSHIP,
COMING IN MANY STAGES,
IT IS A COMMON HABIT
WHICH HAS PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE AGES.

TO SOME IT IS LIFE ITSELF,
TO OTHERS A PASSING WHIM,
TO SOME IT IS ONE CHAIR AFTER ANOTHER
BEING PULLED OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

--MARCY WATKINS
ENGLISH IV

SISTER

FOR A WHILE
THERE SEEMED A CHANCE.

IT FLATTERED ME --
TO THINK THAT
A ONE SUCH AS HE (AND HE HAD LOVED MY SISTER ONCE)
MIGHT CARE FOR ME.

I ADMIT
MY INTENTIONS WERE SELFISH.

FOR THOSE PLEASURES
AFFORDED BY A
PRIVATE LACKEY (AND THAT, I THOUGHT, WOULD BE THE CASE),
I WAS WILLING TO HAVE HIM.

BUT NOW
HE THINKS
HE "SOMEHOW SEES A FUTURE FOR"
MY SISTER AND HIMSELF.

HE WHO COURTS THE SUN TOO LONG, BOTH BURNS AND TURNS
BROWN.

--LINDA BRESNAN
ENGLISH IV

ALONE TOGETHER

FOR NEARLY A DECADE WE HAVE EXISTED TOGETHER
DEFYING A LOVE AS NATURAL AS LIFE'S STEADY PULSE,
SELFISHLY EACH HAS HOARDED HIS HEART'S TREASURES
NEVER ABLE TO REALIZE THE JOY OF A DREAM CLOSELY SHARED.

BEHIND THE WALL OF PRIDE WE HAVE THRUST OUR WEAKNESSES
FORSAKING ALL OPPORTUNITIES TO CREATE NEW STRENGTH,
UNWITTINGLY EACH HAS PLUCKED THE STRINGS OF THE OTHER'S SOUL
LEAVING THE SHARP RING OF DASHED HOPES.

NOW SUDDENLY I AM LEAVING FOR COLLEGE
AND MY SISTER NO LONGER STANDS BESIDE ME.

--KATHLEEN DAHLQUIST
ENGLISH IV

SNOWSTORM

THE SHIMMERING CRYSTALS I WATCHED DESCEND,
SHADOWLESS, THE DAY SEEMED WITHOUT AN END,
NO SUNSET CAME, NO SUN HAD RISEN,
AS A BEWILDERED FLY
I
CRAWL, LOST IN THIS CRYSTAL PRISON.

IN OUR CHROME PLATED PRISON, WE ASK
THAT LIGHT WE SEE,
AND LIGHT THERE IS, THE BLINDING WHITENESS OF THE SNOW,
OUR GODS DID THIS DECREE.
WE
CRAWL, BUT LITTLE OF OUR PATH WE KNOW.

NO SUN SHALL EVER SET, OR SO THEY SAY,
DURING THIS ENDLESS DAY.
BLINDLY IN OUR PRISON WE IN CIRCLES ARE BUT RUNNING
IN OUR QUEST
FOR
NOTHING.

HOW WE CAN LIVE THUS AND YET KNOW
OUR FATE TO BE SO?
WHY WE, THAT HATE THE DARK, TO DARK DESCEND?
WITHIN THIS BLINDING LIGHT I TREAD
CONDEMNED TO DREAD,
THE DARKNESS OF OUR SOUL, AND KNOW OUR NIGHT TO BE WITHOUT AN END.

--TIM TREDWELL
ENGLISH IV

ESCAPE

I SOAR; I FLY, A WINGED GULL
ABOVE LIFE'S TEEMING SEA,
WHEELING ON THE FICKLE WINDS
IN LOFTY JUBILEE.

I WING O'ER PATHS OF DILIGENCE WHERE
MEN'S HUMBLE WORKS LIE HEAPED.
I GLIDE ON SATURN'S COOL, CLEAR BREATH;
CONTENTMENT HAVE I REAPED.

THE WINDS WILL DIE; 'TIS JUST AS WELL --
NO GULL CAN LIVE ON AIR.
I WILL RETURN TO THE WORLD OF MEN
TO LIVE AND TOIL THERE.

TO BEAR AN ENDLESS DRUDGERY
TO GAIN WHAT NOW I KEN
IS BUT A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN'S JOY --
WHEN WILL I SOAR AGAIN?

--CRAIG MAXWELL
ENGLISH IV

REPOSE OF OLD AGE

AS WE ARE DETACHED, LOOK DOWN
AND CONSIDER LIFE OBJECTIVELY.
MIDST THOSE YET LIVING ARE
THE YOUNG: IDEALISTIC, LAUGHING,
LOVED. BUT WE KNOW OF YOUTH.
OBSERVE NOW THE AGED AND DYING.

OLD PEOPLE ARE LIKE OLD HOUSES: SETTLED,
SITUATED, STATIONARY, VIEW THE DASH
OF AFFAIRS ABOUT THEM THROUGH GLASSY,
FILMY PANES WHOSE STARE IS DEJECTED,
DESPONDENT, EVEN DESPAIRING.
WHY SO? RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH,
OF JOY, AND WARMTH ONCE HOUSED WITHIN
CONTRAST COLDLY WITH THE REALITY
OF NOW. A SOLID FOUNDATION STILL
SUPPORTS A DECREPIT, CRUMBLING EXTERIOR
WHOSE ONLY CHARM EXISTS AS A REMINDER,
TOKEN OF TIMES NOW PAST, WHEN YET,
YOUNG, HANDSOME, AND NEW-FASHIONED.
NOW, OLD-FASHIONED WITHOUT AND WITHIN,
AGING RELICS DISCARDED AND VACANT
THEY REMAIN.
HOW I LAMENT HAVING DIED, STILL YOUNG
AND ASPIRING, NEVER TO HAVE KNOWN
THE REPOSE OF OLD AGE!

--BARBARA NEILL
ENGLISH IV

THE GOLDEN YEARS

THE LEAVES TURN BROWN,
THE LIMBS BEND,
THE LEAVES DROP,
THE ROOTS DECAY,
THE TREE FALLS,
OLD AGE -- THE GOLDEN YEARS?

--JIM PINKSTON
ENGLISH IV

YEARS GONE BY

WHEN I GROW OLD AND CALL BACK MY YEARS,
RECALL THEM DAY BY DAY.
SOME WILL BE CLOTHED IN SILVER AND GOLD,
SOME IN HUMBLE GRAY.

THOSE IN GOLD WILL GLANCE SCORNFULLY
AND WILL PASS LOUDLY BY IN THE AIR.
THOSE IN GRAY WILL PASS AS A SHADOW
AND WILL TAKE MY HAND IN THEIRS.

--TED DREW
ENGLISH IV

A FLY AM I

A FLY AM I,
AND I DON'T KNOW WHY
THIS WALL OF AIR
IS SO HARD TO BEAR!

I TRY MY BEST,
BETWEEN EACH REST,
TO PENETRATE
OR PERMEATE.

THIS AIR SO CLEAR,
A HEMISPHERE,
AS HARD AS STONE,
A HEADACHE ZONE.

MY DYING DAY
I SPENT THIS WAY,
BECAUSE, ALAS,
THE AIR WAS GLASS.

--JAN SCHNEIDEWIND
ENGLISH IV

IMMATURITY

A TINY BOY WHO DISOBEYS --
HIS PARENTS, TRUE, HE DISAPPOINTS;
BUT WORRY NOT. WHAT GUILT IS THERE?
HE'S BUT A BOY -- NOT YET A MAN.

A GROWING BOY WHO STEALS A PEN --
A SHOCKING THING! HE'D BEEN SO GOOD.
BUT WORRY NOT; HIS GUILT IS SLIGHT.
HE'S BUT A BOY -- NOT YET A MAN.

A TEEN-AGE BOY WHO RUNS A LIGHT --
A PEST TO ALL WHO WALK THE STREETS.
BUT WORRY NOT; HIS GUILT IS SMALL.
HE'S BUT A BOY -- NOT YET A MAN.

A CHILDISH MAN WHO TAKES A LIFE --
THE WORLD'S APPALLED; HE HAD NO RIGHT!
WE WORRY NOW; HIS GUILT IS GREAT.
HE'S STILL A BOY -- TOO LATE A MAN.

--JEFF GATHERS
ENGLISH IV

SHAKESPEARE I'M NOT; A SONNET

THE LINES THAT FLOWED FROM SHAKESPEARE'S FLUENT PEN
WERE ANYTHING BUT CRAMPED, WERE FREE AND FINE.
HIS SONNET FORM IS USED BY MANY MEN.
IT HELPS THEIR VERSE, BUT JUST DETRACTS FROM MINE.
THE FIVE IAMBIC FEET THAT SHAKESPEARE LOVED
IN MY POEMS SEEMS AN AWKWARD MONOTONE.
THE RHYME SCHEME INTO WHICH MY WORDS ARE SHOVED
WHEN USED BY HIM MAKES HIS GREAT GENIUS SHOWN.
THE MAN WHO DOES NOT DIG PENTAMETER
SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET'S NOT HIS CUP OF TEA.
AND HE WHO TRIES TO RHYME "PENTAMETER"
SHOULD USE FREE AND BLANK VERSE EXCLUSIVELY.
WITH ALL RESPECT AND HONOR DUE THE BARD,
I FIND HIS SONNET FORM TOO BLOODY HARD.

--JEFF HAWKINS
ENGLISH IV

INSPIRATION

SOMETIMES I FEEL THE WILL TO WRITE
IN THE QUIESCENCE OF IMPASSIVE NIGHT,
WHEN NOTHING ON EARTH IS ASTIR,
BUT
MY MIND.

--JOHN GUNDERSEN
ENGLISH IV

THE PATTERN

AS SHE SAT ON THE COLD BUS SEAT, SLIGHTLY JOSTLED BY THE VIBRATIONS OF THE MOVING BUS, THE YOUNG GIRL STARED AT EACH PASSENGER SO FAMILIAR TO HER EYE. THE NOISE OF THE BUS SQUEAKING TO A STOP AND TAKING OFF WITH A HUMMING MURMUR OF THE MOTOR WAS EMPHASIZED BY THE SILENCE OF THE PASSENGERS.

THE YOUNG GIRL THOUGHT, AS SHE GAZED AT THE FELLOW TRAVELERS, HOW ALIEN AND YET HOW CLOSE SHE FELT TO EACH ONE. SHE FONDLY RECALLED THE DAILY ENTRANCE OF AN ELDERLY, BEARDED MAN WHO CLIMBED PAINFULLY UP THE FEW STEPS, ONLY NODDING TO THE BUS DRIVER, HIS FACE VOID OF EXPRESSION. AT THE NEXT STOP A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, JANGLING WITH HER WRISTS LADEN WITH JEWELRY, RAN UP THE STEPS. SHE SLOWED TO A WALK AS SHE MOVED TOWARD HER SEAT, SMILING INDIFFERENTLY AT THE FAMILIAR, YET UNFRIENDLY, FACES. THE YOUNG GIRL WANTED TO SPEAK TO THESE PEOPLE WHOM SHE FELT SHE KNEW SO WELL BY CIRCUMSTANCE AND ROUTINE, BUT WHO WERE STRANGERS DUE TO THE LACK OF COMMUNICATION. SHE REPRESSED HER DESIRE, FEELING TIMID AND NERVOUS. AS THE BUS CAME TO THE SCHEDULED FOURTH STOP, THE GIRL GATHERED HER PACKAGES, ROSE GRACEFULLY WHILE SUBTLY ADJUSTING HER SKIRT BELT IN PREPARATION FOR THE WONDERING STARES SHE WOULD RECEIVE, AND MOVED THROUGH THE AISLE, ACCEPTING HER PART IN THE INFLEXIBLE PATTERN.

--NONI KAUFMAN
ENGLISH IV

A MOUNTAIN REPAST

THE MOUNTAINS FOR ONCE SEEM CONQUERED
YET ALL THE STRONGER FOR THE BLUE-GRAY
BILLOWS THAT WALL OUT OF THE BRIGHTNESS --
MASSIVE, EXPANDING.
THE BLASTS OF WIND, MERE FOOTMEN TO THE
IMPENDING TORRENT. YET A BLAST AND CHILL TO ALL
EARTH BELOW.
THEN THE RAINS ENTER, SPARSELY, SEEMING ONLY
A COLDER SWEEP OF HEIGHTENING GALES.
FAR OVER THE MASSIVE CIRQUES AND VALLEYS
THE CRACK AND THUNDER OF THE ANGRIEST SKIES
RUSH TO THE FORE.
THE ELECTRIC SHOCK ENTERS THE WHOLE MIND
AND SOUL WITH VIBRANCY AND POWER.
THE GRANDEST COMMUNION OF NATURE.
CROWNED WITH THE UTTER PEACE OF NATURE'S PURE LOVE --
THE FAITH OF LIFE -- THE KALEIDOSCOPIC SHADOWS AND SUN
SWEEP THE MEADOWS AND PEAKS OF THE LOST
FURY OF THE STORM, ALREADY DEPARTED.

--RANDALL LUND
ENGLISH IV

A BEGINNING

THE MORNING SUN RISING ABOVE THE HORIZON
IS A NEW BEGINNING.
A LIFE BEGUN IS THAT FEAT OF MAGIC NEVER FULLY
UNDERSTOOD.
A BEGINNING MERELY ENFOLDS AN INSTANT OF TIME
AND PERHAPS ONE QUICK ACTION.
OFTEN A VALUABLE MOMENT IS LOST AND FORGOTTEN
AMIDST CONFUSION.
SUCH TREASURABLE BEGINNINGS FILL THE PAST IN
AN UNENDING MARCH OF EVENTS.

--JUDY LARSON
ENGLISH IV

LYRIC POEMS

IN LOOKING BACK UPON YOUR LIFE,
TO FIND IDENTITY.
IT PAYS NOT TO DELVE SO DEEPLY
TO FACE REALITY.

IF ALL THE SEEDS OF TIME WERE SOWN
FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO VIEW,
THE FLOWERS OF BROTHERLY LOVE
WOULD SEEM AT MOST, A FEW.

--BRIAN BERNARD
ENGLISH IV

ERUDITION

ALONG THE PATH I KNEW SO WELL
I WALKED WITH A FEELING I COULD NOT QUELL --
A FEELING WHICH INSIDE WAS BURNING,
AN INTIMATION,
A SORT OF YEARNING
THE PATH WAS LIFE,
THE FEELING -- LEARNING.

--JOHN GUNDERSEN
ENGLISH IV

SAME OLD STORY

WHEN NOAH SAILED THE WATERS BLUE
HE HAD HIS TROUBLES SAME AS YOU.
FOR FORTY DAYS HE DROVE HIS ARK
BEFORE HE FOUND A PLACE TO PARK.

--LEE BARONI
ENGLISH IV

FOG DREAMS

THE CLOUDS
SWEEP AGAINST THE MELLOW MOON
AND SWISH OFF FLAKES OF AMBER
THAT SIFT
DOWN THROUGH THE FINGERS OF THE TREES,
THAT DRIFT
DOWN THROUGH THE STILLNESS
AND LIE FAINTLY GLOWING ON THE SNOW.

THE FOG
FLOWS IN TRACELESS EDDIES,
MEANDERS THROUGH THE PINES.
IT SWIRLS
AROUND THEIR ANKLES
AND CURLS
ITS WISPY FINGERS
THROUGH THEIR DEW-DRENCHED HAIR.

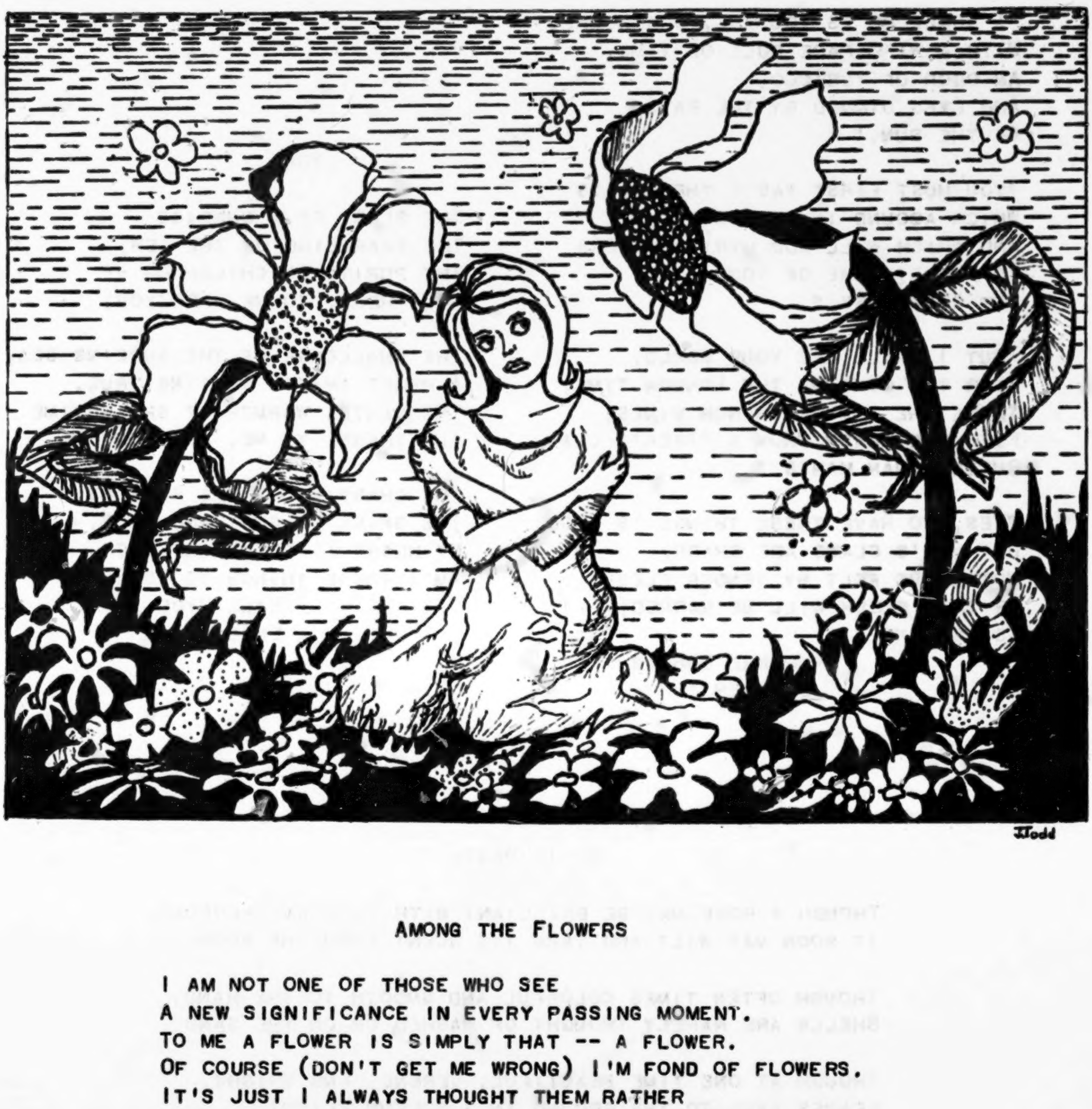
AND I,
I WALK THROUGH THIS FOG-FILLED CALM,
NUMBED BY THE NOISELESSNESS
AND DULLED
BY THE LISTLESS AMBER.
AND LULLED,
I COULD CURL LIKE A WISP OF FOG UPON A BED OF MOONBEAMS
AND MELT INTO ETERNITY.

--LESLIE TAYLOR
ENGLISH IV

THE BUTTERFLY

THE BUTTERFLY, CONFINED IN HER COCOON,
REBELS AGAINST EACH SOFT, SURROUNDING THREAD.
THOUGH SHELTERED THERE, SHE MUST KNOW FREEDOM SOON,
FOR BEAUTY BOUND IS WORSE THAN BEAUTY DEAD.
THE SILKEN NEST SHE MADE TO HOUSE HER SLEEP,
WAS WARM AND FILLED WITH SWEET SERENITY.
BUT NOW SHE FLIES FROM WHERE SHE ONCE DID CREEP,
TO MEET THE WORLD AND GAIN MATURITY.
NOW I MUST BREAK THE COMPLEX BONDS OF YOUTH,
TO START MY FLIGHT AND FACE THE ICY AIR.
TO TRY TO REACH PERFECTION AND KNOW TRUTH,
AND, FAILING, STILL HAVE FAITH ENOUGH TO CARE.
FOR BUTTERFLIES AND MEN BOTH HEAR THE CALL
OF BEAUTY, TRUTH, AND LOVE; THEN FINALLY FALL.

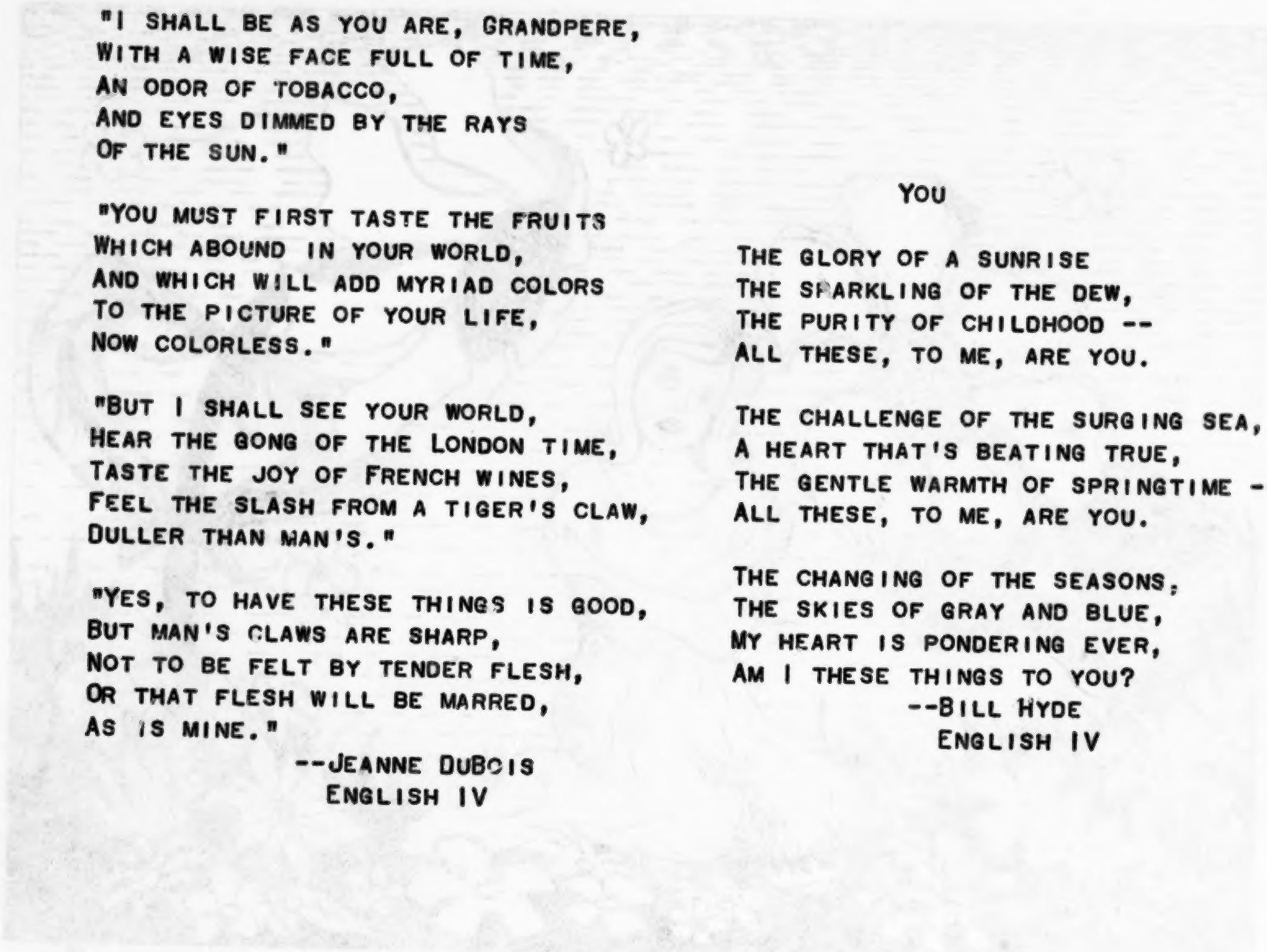
--PAM MCABEE
ENGLISH IV



AMONG THE FLOWERS

I AM NOT ONE OF THOSE WHO SEE
A NEW SIGNIFICANCE IN EVERY PASSING MOMENT.
TO ME A FLOWER IS SIMPLY THAT -- A FLOWER.
OF COURSE (DON'T GET ME WRONG) I'M FOND OF FLOWERS.
IT'S JUST I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEM RATHER
OVERRATED. BY THAT I MEAN THEY DON'T APPEAL TO ME
PARTICULARLY, ALTHOUGH THEY CERTAINLY MIGHT TO OTHERS.
BUT ONCE I GAVE A GIRL SOME FLOWERS -- HER NAME
I CAN'T REMEMBER -- AND SHE LIKED THEM SO
I GUESS FLOWERS CAN BE NICE IF YOU'RE A POET OR
IN LOVE.
I MYSELF, HOWEVER, HAVE ALWAYS FELT RATHER OUT OF PLACE
AMONG THE FLOWERS.

--SUSAN CROW
ENGLISH IV



TO BE

"I SHALL BE AS YOU ARE, GRANDPERE,
WITH A WISE FACE FULL OF TIME,
AN ODOR OF TOBACCO,
AND EYES DIMMED BY THE RAYS
OF THE SUN."

"YOU MUST FIRST TASTE THE FRUITS
WHICH ABOUND IN YOUR WORLD,
AND WHICH WILL ADD MYRIAD COLORS
TO THE PICTURE OF YOUR LIFE,
NOW COLORLESS."

"BUT I SHALL SEE YOUR WORLD,
HEAR THE GONG OF THE LONDON TIME,
TASTE THE JOY OF FRENCH WINES,
FEEL THE SLASH FROM A TIGER'S CLAW,
DULLER THAN MAN'S."

"YES, TO HAVE THESE THINGS IS GOOD,
BUT MAN'S CLAWS ARE SHARP,
NOT TO BE FELT BY TENDER FLESH,
OR THAT FLESH WILL BE MARRED,
AS IS MINE."

--JEANNE DUBOIS
ENGLISH IV

YOU

THE GLORY OF A SUNRISE
THE SPARKLING OF THE DEW,
THE PURITY OF CHILDHOOD --
ALL THESE, TO ME, ARE YOU.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SURGING SEA,
A HEART THAT'S BEATING TRUE,
THE GENTLE WARMTH OF SPRINGTIME --
ALL THESE, TO ME, ARE YOU.

THE CHANGING OF THE SEASONS,
THE SKIES OF GRAY AND BLUE,
MY HEART IS PONDERING EVER,
AM I THESE THINGS TO YOU?

--BILL HYDE
ENGLISH IV

SO IS DEATH

THOUGH A ROSE MAY BE BRILLIANT WITH FRAGRANT PERFUME,
IT SOON MAY WILT AND TAKE ITS SCENT FROM THE ROOM.

THOUGH OFTEN TIMES COLORFUL AND SMOOTH TO THE HAND,
SHELLS ARE RARELY THOUGHT OF WASHED UP ON THE SAND.

THOUGH AT ONE TIME BEAUTIFUL, SERENE, AND BRIGHT,
LEAVES FALL TO THE GROUND IN A SOLEMN FLIGHT.

AS A WILTED ROSE, A FORGOTTEN SHELL, A SOLEMN LEAF --
SO IS DEATH.

--JANIE SIMPKINS
ENGLISH IV

NUMBERS

1 IS THE LEADER AMONG NUMBERS,
2 WILL NEVER LAG,
3 IS A CURLY TAIL,
4 IS A PROUD FLYING FLAG.

5 IS ALWAYS ODD,
6 GOES WITH PENCE,
7, A GAMBLER'S DEMISE
8, SKATER'S DILIGENCE.

9 IS SIX, BOTTOMS UP,
10 IS FIVE TIMES TWO,
11 IS REFLECTIONS OF ONE,
13 IS STRICTLY TABOO.

DON'T BE CONCERNED,
AS TO TWELVE'S WHEREABOUTS.
HE COULDN'T BE RHYMED,
AND NOW HE POUTS.

--JAN SCHNEIDEWIND
ENGLISH IV

PROOF POSITIVE

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT FLEAS ARE BLACK
I KNOW IT ISN'T SO
FOR MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
WITH FLEAS AS WHITE AS SNOW.

--LEE BARONI
ENGLISH IV

BY STARLIGHT

A LUSTROUS BODY SETTLED IN THE DARK,
THE TINY POINTS LIKE NEEDLES THREADING LIGHT,
THE BLUE FLAME OF QUICKLY FROZEN SPARK,
AND FOLDED IN THE VELVET SHROUD OF NIGHT.
THE VASTNESS OF A ROOF OF BOUNDLESS GLOOM,
SO SELFISH IN ITS THIRST TO CAPTURE SKY,
IS LOATHE TO PART ITSELF TO CREATE ROOM
FOR ONE OF MANY FUTURE LIGHTS TO LIE.
A BODY SUCH AS IT COULD BE A STAR,
LATE BROKEN FROM A MOLD OF WORLDLY GREED,
AND JOURNEYED TO A TRANQUIL PLACE AFAR,
WITHOUT THE HASTY THREATS OF MEN TO HEED:
AN IMAGE OF PERFECTION OF A KIND,
AND WISE ENOUGH TO LEAVE THIS WORLD BEHIND.

--LAUREL TENNEY
ENGLISH IV

Beauty

To some people, the creations of mankind are the most perfect forms of beauty. An art lover may see the greatest beauty in a painting. A fisherman may see beauty in its perfection in a string of large fish. To a sailor, the lines of a swift, modern ship may seem the greatest beauty possible. However, these beauties are transitory. The painting will fade; the fish will be eaten; and they will become old and obsolete, perhaps to be scrapped after serving their usefulness. The beauty of nature, however, is different -- it remains forever unless destroyed by man. A forest may remain beautiful, though individual trees may die. In addition, to see beauty created by man usually requires knowledge of the subject, since an art lover may not see beauty in a string of fish. To see beauty in nature, a person need look only at what nature offers; he need not have any understanding of what he sees. The beauty of nature, therefore, is the greatest beauty -- the only *real* beauty.

Beauty is a stand of tall pines on a snow covered mountain. It is a forest of maples, oaks, elms and chestnuts acquiring its green covering again after the winter's end -- each variety of tree having a different shade. It is a palm tree blowing in a gentle summer breeze, making a light rustling as its friends touch each other. It is thousands of maple trees on sharply sloped hills in the fall, their leaves colored with bright red, yellow, orange, and gold.

Beauty is the North Atlantic in the midst of a storm, angry gray waves crested with white foam, assaulting the giant granite rocks of a jetty. It is the lake-like Pacific Ocean on a sun-filled day, the light swells whispering as they die on the shore.

Beauty is a brisk day with a hard blue, cloudless sky. It is a sky in which the sun shines through a gap in the procession of long, soft clouds being gently carried along by a warm breeze. It is a sky of pink-lit clouds as the sun completes another day. It is a gray-clad sky from which a cape of white descends to the ground below.

Beauty is a clear pond with borders of lily pads along the shores of pure white sand. It is a rocky, white-watered stream flowing swiftly down a tree-covered mountainside. It is a Georgia swamp, the calm waters crowded with cypress trees hung with blue-gray Spanish moss -- so much moss as to shut out the light of the sun.

Beauty is everywhere; nature has provided it. To see it, one must only look.

--Bruce Appel
English IV

WITH THE PASSING OF CHILDHOOD

IT IS INDEED A TRAGEDY OF THE MODERN SOCIETY THAT ONE PHASE OF INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT HAS BEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY ELIMINATED. THERE IS NO ROOM IN THE WORLD TODAY FOR THE STAGE OF CAREFREE CHILDHOOD. CHILDREN CAN NO LONGER BE MERELY CHILDREN; THEY ARE NOW FUTURE ADULTS. CHILDHOOD HAS VANISHED AS AN ENTITY AND HAS NOW BECOME MERELY A PREPARATORY STEP IN THE FORMATION OF WORLD LEADERS. ALMOST BEFORE THEY CAN TALK, CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT THE FUNDAMENTALS OF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY. THEY MUST LEARN AT A VERY EARLY AGE NEVER TO COMMIT THEMSELVES ON CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES FOR FEAR OF ALIENATING ANY PROSPECTIVE CONSTITUENTS. THE REFRESHING FRANKNESS OF CHILDHOOD IS NOW MERELY AN ILLUSION. THOUGH THE CHILDREN DO NOT FULLY REALIZE THE ROLES THEY ARE TO PLAY IN THE FUTURE, STILL THEY PLAY THEIR PARTS WELL, FOR CHILDREN ARE THE GREATEST IMITATORS.

DO YOU EVER SEE A KID DOING SOMETHING JUST FOR FUN ANY MORE? HORRORS, THAT IS A CARDINAL SIN IN THIS SOCIETY. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A PURPOSE. IF IT IS A GAME OR A SPORT, THE YOUNG MAN WILL HAVE TO KNOW WHICH MUSCLES IT WILL DEVELOP AND HOW IT FITS IN WITH HIS PROGRAM OF ALL-OVER PHYSICAL FITNESS, BEFORE HE CAN DECIDE TO PARTICIPATE. HE WOULD NEVER READ A BOOK BECAUSE HE LIKES IT, ONLY BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN GIVEN A GOOD REVIEW IN TIME AND WILL BE IMPRESSIVE MATERIAL FOR SOME FUTURE CONVERSATION. WHAT INTERESTS HIM HAS NO REFLECTION ON WHAT HE STUDIES. HE STUDIES FOR HIGH GRADES AND TEST SCORES THAT WILL OPEN THE DOORS TO ONE OF THE PRESTIGE COLLEGES. THERE IS NO MORE EXCITEMENT IN BOYHOOD SCOUTING, ONLY THE ANALYZED POSSIBILITY OF MAKING SOME INFLUENTIAL CONTACTS AT THE CUB SCOUT MEETING. HIS TRAINING IN THE SOCIAL GRACES IS OFTEN STARTED BEFORE THE YOUNG STATESMAN HAS EVEN GOTTEN HIS SECOND TEETH. HE IS MARCHED OFF TO DANCING SCHOOL, POSSIBLY IN PREPARATION FOR FUTURE ROUNDS OF NIGHT CLUBBING. HE MAY EVEN BE TAUGHT TO MIX DRINKS, SO THAT HE CAN MAKE AN APPEARANCE AT HIS PARENTS' PARTIES AS A REGULAR LITTLE BARTENDER. THIS IS ALWAYS CONSIDERED "CUTE" BY THE SOCIALITE SET. AND, OF COURSE, HE MUST BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE GOOD YEARS FOR WINES IN ORDER TO AVOID ANY SOCIAL FAUX PAS AT HIS FIRST GRADE CHRISTMAS PARTY. THE CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE HAS TO BE ABANDONED AT AN EARLY AGE THESE DAYS, IT SEEMS, AND SOCIAL PRESSURE MAY BE TURNING OUR YOUNGSTERS INTO LITTLE MACHIAVELLIS BEFORE OUR BLOODSHOT EYES. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN WE MAY WONDER WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS WHEN ALL WE SEE ARE SOPHISTICATED, MIDDLE-AGED MINIATURES.

--CAROL MCCANN
ENGLISH IV

PURPLE SHAWL AND KNITTING NEEDLES

THERE WAS A TIME, SO LONG AGO WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG, THAT A YEAR SEEMED AN ETERNITY. NOW I'VE WATCHED THE YEARS FLY BY SO FAST I CANNOT COUNT THEM. I COULD NOT STRETCH THEM OUT ENOUGH.

TODAY I HOLD EACH MINUTE, AND GLEAN FROM IT ALL I CAN, FOR A MINUTE IS A PRECIOUS THING WHEN THERE ARE ONLY A FEW LEFT. I SCOLD MYSELF FOR TIMES GONE BY WHEN I LOOKED, BUT DID NOT SEE. HOW OFTEN THE SUN TRAVELED THE SKY IN A BEAUTY UNAPPRECIATED BY ME. THE MOUNTAINS ETCHED AGAINST THE SKY WERE ALWAYS THERE TO SEE; YET I SELDOM GLANCED AT THEM. BIRDS, TREES, AND FLOWERS -- THEY WERE ALL AROUND ME. I KNOW I DID NOT ENJOY THEM TO THE FULLEST. I WAS TOO BUSY LIVING FOR OTHER THINGS EACH DAY. HOW MANY OF NATURE'S CREATIONS, HOW OFTEN DID THE SEASONS CHANGE, HOW MANY OTHER SUBTLETIES DID I MISS BECAUSE I WAS TOO BUSY TO NOTICE?

THE VERY YOUNG AND THE VERY OLD KNOW HOW TO LOOK FOR BEAUTY. THEY WATCH, WITH EYES OF WONDER, EACH TINY DETAIL OF A BUTTERFLY'S WING. THE SMALLEST DROP OF RAIN THAT SPLASHES OFF A BLUEBIRD'S BACK IS AN AMAZING THING TO SEE. I STOPPED SEEING MIRACLES WHEN I STOPPED BEING VERY YOUNG. I AM VERY OLD NOW, AND I HAVE LEARNED AGAIN TO SEE.

THOSE AROUND ME THINK TIME HANGS HEAVY ON MY HANDS. THEY PITY ME AND TRY TO BRIGHTEN UP MY DAY WITH WITTY CONVERSATION THAT MEANS NOTHING TO EITHER OF US. IF ONLY I COULD TELL THEM OF THE MANY PLEASANT HOURS I HAVE SPENT JUST SEEING WHAT IS AROUND ME! NO, I COULD NEVER DO THAT. THEY WOULD SMILE AND TRY TO HUMOR ME, THINKING IT WAS MY AGE SHOWING THROUGH.

I COULD NEVER TELL THEM OF THE HOURS I HAVE SPENT ADMIRING THE PICTURE ON MY WALL WITH ITS SOFT VAGUE LINES, THE SUBTLE COLORS, AND THE PEACEFUL JOY OF A TIME THAT HAS LONG SINCE PASSED. COULD THEY SIT, DAY AFTER DAY, WATCHING TWO BIRDS BUILD A NEST AND RAISE THEIR YOUNG? IT TAKES PATIENCE AND TIME, BOTH OF WHICH I HAD.

NOW, I HAVE NO TIME LEFT. THEY SMILE AT ME AND ASK IF THERE IS ANYTHING THEY CAN GET ME. NO, THERE IS NOTHING MORE I WANT, NOTHING MORE I NEED.

--SANDRA MUHR
ENGLISH IV

The Composition of a Band

Throughout my four years as a student at Arcadia High I have been a member of a most fascinating and curious organization known as the Arcadia High School Concert Band. The band is composed of several sections, each section composed of persons playing the same type of instrument. It has been my experience to observe that each section has a personality of its own.

First comes the flute section. Due to the fact that this section is composed mainly of girls, and because it is located directly under the conductor's nose, the flute section is the most well-behaved section in the band. All its members are devoted musicians who practice faithfully each night to develop their talents further. Because of their sincere attitudes toward music, flutists are usually the apples of the director's eye. (I play the flute.)

The section directly behind the flutes is the clarinet section. Its members are usually very clever, witty boys who stay up nights searching their minds for humorous remarks designed to fracture the funny bones of the flutists. These remarks are not spoken outrightly, but are muttered among themselves in a loud, harsh whisper that is impossible to miss.

The oboe section is composed of brave souls with tremendous internal fortitude. This fortitude is necessary because of the difficulty of forcing a tone from this particular instrument. The oboists dramatize their music with jerking eyebrows, contorting lips, and crimson complexions.

The farther away from the director one gets, the more controversial become the characters. An excellent example of this is the drum section. From this secretive and mischievous group escape occasional evil chuckles and fiendish grins which arouse the doubt and curiousity of the entire band.

Next to be observed are the trumpet and saxophone sections, so much alike that I will analyze them as one group. The trade-mark of these sections is the desire to be extremely casual and off-beat. This is exemplified by the black turtleneck sweaters worn under sloppily buttoned, wrinkled shirts.

Perhaps it is difficult to understand how such a variety of personalities can be put together and have the resulting band be as good as the Arcadia High School Band. It must be remembered that the more oddly shaped are the pieces of a puzzle, the more satisfying is the completed picture.

--Nila Hess
English IV

HISTORY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

THE HISTORY OF MEN AND EMPIRES HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TO RECUR IN CYCLES. A QUOTATION, ITS AUTHOR APPARENTLY UNKNOWN, HAS EXCELLENTLY EXPRESSED THIS CYCLICAL TENDENCY OF CIVILIZATION WITH TEN KEY WORDS:

> CIVILIZATION BEGINS IN BONDAGE, OUT OF BONDAGE COMES FAITH IN GOD, WITH FAITH IN GOD COMES COURAGE, WITH COURAGE MEN CAN ACQUIRE THEIR LIBERTY, AFTER LIBERTY COMES ABUNDANCE, AFTER ABUNDANCE COMES SELFISHNESS, AFTER SELFISHNESS COMES COMPLACENCY, AFTER COMPLACENCY COMES APATHY, AFTER APATHY COMES DEPENDENCY, AFTER THAT WE ARE BACK TO BONDAGE.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BY WHICH THEY ACQUIRED THEIR LIBERTY FROM THE ENGLISH CROWN HAS BEEN RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR ITS GUIDING PRINCIPLES AND FOR THE MEN WHO LED IT. THE ABUNDANCE OF MATERIAL THINGS IN THE UNITED STATES HAS ALSO BECOME FAMOUS THROUGH ALL NATIONS. INDEED, MOST AMERICANS ARE ABLE TO OWN A GREAT AMOUNT OF THESE MATERIAL THINGS; AND WITH THE COMPETITION FOR ACQUIRING THEM, THEIR CIVILIZATION HAS BY NOW PASSED ON INTO THE "SELFISHNESS" STAGE. THIS FIRST STEP IN DEGENERATION HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON, TO A SIGNIFICANT DEGREE, BY THE ABANDONMENT OF IDEALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM. THE INDEPENDENT PIONEERING SPIRIT OF THEIR ANCESTORS CAN NO LONGER FIND ADEQUATE EXPRESSION IN A SOCIETY DOMINATED BY "THE GROUP" -- WHETHER THE GROUP BE A CLIQUE BASED ON SOCIAL CONFORMITY OR A HUGE PATERNALISTIC GOVERNMENT. EFFICIENCY AND ORGANIZATION IN ALL ASPECTS OF LIFE HAVE PROMOTED THE URGE TO CONFORM. AND AS THESE CONFORMING TENDENCIES PROCEED, AMERICANS WILL COME TO BE RULED BY AN OMNIPRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM.

WITH MASS CONFORMITY WILL COME INTERDEPENDENCE, BEGINNING THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL BEYOND "SELFISHNESS," AND THEN THROUGH "COMPLACENCY," "APATHY," AND "DEPENDENCY." "BONDAGE" WILL FOLLOW; BUT NOT THE BONDAGE OF ISRAEL, BUT THE BONDAGE OF SELF: MAN, RULED BY A PREVAILING SOCIAL SYSTEM OF HIS OWN DEVISING, BEING BOTH HIS OWN MASTER AND SLAVE.

WITH THIS DEGENERATION OF BOTH POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS COMES THE DECLINE OF PERSONAL CREATIVE EFFORT. ONE NEED ONLY LOOK ABOUT HIMSELF TO AFFIRM THIS FACT: AMERICANS, LULLED INTO INDIFFERENCE BY CONFORMITY, RARELY SEEK OR DEMAND THE FULLER -- BUT PERHAPS MORE CONTROVERSIAL -- LIFE OF THE TRUE ARTS. SERIOUS LITERATURE IS UNDESIRABLE: *READERS' DIGEST CONDENSED BOOKS* ARE A VERY ACCEPTABLE SUBSTITUTE; TELEVISION HAS LOST SOME OF ITS ATTRACTION TO THE PUBLIC -- POPULARITY HAS RETURNED TO THE MOTION PICTURE WHICH, HOWEVER, IN RECENT YEARS HAS ESSENTIALLY BEEN EITHER SORDID AND SEX-ORIENTED OR COMPLETELY INANE. THE LATE WHITNEY GRISWOLD WRYLY COMMENTED ON THE NATURE OF AMERICAN CULTURAL ACTIVITIES:

> COULD *HAMLET* HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A COMMITTEE, OR THE *MONA LISA* PAINTED BY A CLUB? COULD THE NEW TESTAMENT HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY A CONFERENCE REPORT? CREATIVE IDEAS DO NOT SPRING FROM GROUPS. THEY SPRING FROM INDIVIDUALS. THE DIVINE SPARK LEAPS FROM THE FINGER OF GOD TO THE FINGER OF ADAM.

THE TOTAL EFFECT OF CONFORMITY IN POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS AS WELL AS IN ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR IS A WEAKENING OF THE VERY FOUNDATION OF CIVILIZATION: THE CREATIVE MIND OF MAN. INTELLECTUALS AND SCIENTISTS ARE ALL TOO FREQUENTLY CLOSETED IN SOME MONSTROUS UNIVERSITY, AND THEIR IDEAS AND RESEARCH DO NOT DEVELOP DUE TO INSUFFICIENT SUPPORT FROM THE PUBLIC OR THE SCHOOL. HOWEVER, NONCONFORMITY AND ECCENTRICITY THEMSELVES HAVE NO VALUE. WORSHIP OF SOCIAL MISFITS AND THEIR PREACHINGS ARE OF HARM TO CIVILIZATION. RADICAL EXTREMISM IS TO BE AVOIDED; VALID THOUGHT MUST BE SEPARATED FROM "OFF-BEAT" IMAGININGS, WHICH, IF ADOPTED, COULD HASTEN A CIVILIZATION'S DECLINE AS SURELY AS THE CONFORMIST'S PROSAIC MIDDLE WAY. AS DANISH EXISTENTIALIST SREN KIERKEGAARD HAS WRITTEN: "THE TRULY EXTRAORDINARY MAN IS THE TRULY ORDINARY MAN."

THE COURSE OF HISTORY HAS BEEN DIRECTED BY THESE ORDINARY PERSONS WHO ACTED AS THEY THOUGHT OR BELIEVED WAS RIGHT: THEY WERE INDIVIDUALS. WITH SPARTACUS, JOHN BROWN, AND UPTON SINCLAIR, A SENSE OF SOCIAL INJUSTICE COMPLETELY DOMINATED THEIR LIVES. THEOLOGICAL REBELS, SUCH AS ARCHBISHOP THOMAS CRAMNER OF CANTERBURY AND MARTIN LUTHER, SOUGHT RELIGIOUS REFORM IN AN INSTITUTION IN WHICH THE POWERS OF CONFORMITY IN TRADITION HAD ALLOWED IT TO CORRUPT ITSELF. THEN INDEED, REBELLIOUSNESS CAN BE CARRIED TO INCONCEIVABLE EXTREMES: LET THE WORLD NEVER FORGET THE BLACK DECADE OF ADOLF HITLER. THERE WERE, ON THE OTHER HAND, INDIVIDUALS WHO NEITHER SOUGHT TO OVERTHROW SOME SYSTEM NOR TO ASSERT THEMSELVES PERSONALLY; AMONG THIS TYPE WERE BUDDHA AND MOTHER ELIZABETH SETON. SOME -- LIKE T. E. LAWRENCE, BILLY MITCHELL, AND HARRY TRUMAN -- DEFIED THE CONFORMITY AND REGIMENTATION BY WHICH THEY HAD BEEN COMPELLED TO ACT, AND ALTERED THE COURSE OF HISTORY IN A HIGHLY DRAMATIC MANNER, AS WELL AS CHANGING SOME RATHER TRADITIONAL BELIEFS. FINALLY, NUMBERLESS ARTISTS -- SHAKESPEARE, MICHELANGELO, MILTON, AND BEETHOVEN, TO LIST A FEW -- ENRICHED AND CONTINUE TO ENRICH THE LIVES OF ALL WHO EXPOSE THEMSELVES TO THEIR ARTISTRY.

THE TYPE OF PERSONS WHO WILL BE ABLE TO REVERSE THE DOWNWARD AND DISASTROUS TREND OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, BREAKING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE HISTORICAL CYCLE OF THE RISINGS AND FALLINGS OF CIVILIZATIONS, ARE THOSE WHO WOULD APPROXIMATE THIS DESCRIPTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

> HE WAS POLITIC WITHOUT BEING UNPRINCIPLED, PATIENT WITHOUT BEING RESIGNED, FLEXIBLE WITHOUT BEING OPPORTUNISTIC, TOUGH-MINDED WITHOUT BEING BRUTAL, DETERMINED WITHOUT BEING FANATICAL, RELIGIOUS WITHOUT BEING DOGMATIC OR UNWORLDLY, TENDER WITHOUT BEING SENTIMENTAL, AND DEVOTED TO MAN WITHOUT WORSHIPING HIM.

--JEFF ARTHUR
ENGLISH IV

AMERICANS ARE LOSING THEIR INDIVIDUALISM

THE DAY OF THE "RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST" HAS PASSED, AND INDIVIDUALITY HAS GIVEN WAY TO CONFORMITY AND COMPLACENCY. I AM NOT CRITICIZING THE ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE WHICH WE ARE EXPERIENCING TODAY; AFTER ALL, ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE IS INHERENT IN AN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND CONSTITUTES A STRONG AND HEALTHY ECONOMY. RATHER, I AM FINDING FAULT IN THE BY-PRODUCT OF MASS PRODUCTION-CONFORMITY. THE GROWTH OF MASS PRODUCTION AND, HENCE CONFORMITY, HAS BEEN ACCOMPANIED WITH THE DEMISE OF INTELLECTUAL INDIVIDUALISM. A MAN CANNOT TODAY DIVORCE HIMSELF FROM SOCIETY ECONOMICALLY OR INTELLECTUALLY -- NOR DO I THINK HE SHOULD; BUT THE MODERN AMERICAN NEEDS TO LEARN HOW TO BE A SEPARATE ENTITY WITH INDIVIDUAL ATTITUDES WHILE STILL BEING PART OF SOCIETY.

AMERICA WAS FOUNDED BY MEN WHO WERE NOT WILLING TO CONFORM: THEY REFUSED TO RENOUNCE THEIR OWN RELIGION FOR THE ESTABLISHED STATE RELIGION. THEY WERE OSTRACIZED AND PERSECUTED, BUT RATHER THAN GIVE UP THEIR INDIVIDUALISM THEY DEFIED THE THREATS OF SHIPWRECK, INDIAN ATTACK, DISEASE, AND HUNGER TO ESTABLISH THE COLONIES OF NEW ENGLAND. HAD THE AMERICANS OF TODAY BEEN IN A SIMILAR POSITION, THE MAJORITY OF THEM WOULD HAVE RENOUNCED THEIR OWN RELIGION FROM FEAR OF OSTRACISM. SUCH AN ATTITUDE HARDLY CONSTITUTES RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM.

A DEVIATION FROM CONFORMITY TOWARD INDIVIDUALITY USUALLY RESULTS IN CRIES OF "WHAT AN ODD PERSON HE IS!" A SOMEWHAT TRIVIAL, BUT NONE THE LESS INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THIS WAY OF THINKING IS CLOTHING. A GIRL WEARING AN OUTFIT WHICH IS NOTICEABLY DIFFERENT FROM THE NORM IS USUALLY SUBJECTED TO STARES AND CHUCKLES BEHIND HER BACK. IRONICALLY, ALTHOUGH HER DRESS IS A DIGRESSION FROM CONFORMITY, SHE IS NOT ORDINARILY A TRUE INDIVIDUAL. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT SHE IS MERELY A GIRL HOPING FOR THE ATTENTION SHE WOULD NOT OTHERWISE RECEIVE.

THE AVERAGE WORKER OF TODAY WEARS THE SAME KIND OF CLOTHES AS HIS NEIGHBOR, DRIVES A SIMILAR CAR, AND LIVES IN A HOUSE THAT IS MUCH THE SAME -- ALL THE RESULTS OF MASS PRODUCTION. UNFORTUNATELY, HE ALSO THINKS THE SAME WAY AS HIS NEIGHBOR. HIS ATTITUDES ARE NOT THE RESULT OF CAREFUL THINKING, READING, AND INVESTIGATION, BUT ARE THE RESULT OF THE BELIEF THAT HE HAD BETTER "GO ALONG" WITH THE MAJORITY OR FEAR BEING SHUT OFF FROM SOCIETY. INDIVIDUALS HAVE CEASED TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES, AND MINORITY OPINIONS HAVE BEEN STIFLED. WHEN ATTITUDES ARE FORMED NOT OUT OF CAREFUL THOUGHT, BUT OUT OF CONFORMITY, DEMOCRACY IS WEAKENED.

AMERICA NEEDS A REVITALIZATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL. I AM NOT SPEAKING OF THE OPINIONATED RADICAL WHO SHOUTS THAT HIS BELIEFS ARE THE ONLY CORRECT BELIEFS, NOR OF THE PSEUDO-INDIVIDUALIST -- "THE BEATNIK" -- WHO BLAMES THE CONDITION OF THE WORLD ON HIS PARENTS. AMERICA NEEDS INDIVIDUALS WHO CAN HOLD THEIR OWN OPINIONS, FORMED AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, AND WHO CAN ALSO RECOGNIZE AND TOLERATE THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS TO FORM A PRODUCTIVE AND INTELLIGENT SOCIETY.

--SUSAN SHUGERT
ENGLISH IV

De Agitato Dextrorum

Despite the commonplace nature of the act known as shaking hands, our scientific community has failed to produce as much as a thesis on the subject. Therefore, I would like to classify the forms of this most prosaic of human eccentricities.

The Pump Handle form is the first that deserves notice. This hand shake may be executed by taking the hand of the intended victim and impelling it through an arc of a minimum of fifty degrees through a vertical plane for a minimum of 60 seconds. No effort should be expended to give it grace, and still less, vivacity.

The Pendulum shake follows logically, being similar in character to the Pump Handle except as it moves in the horizontal. It is executed by sweeping the hand horizontally toward the hand one wishes to shake and, the junction having been effected, rowing it from one side to the other. However, it is necessary to caution any party wishing to imitate this form that one should not insist on performing it with another party who has become accustomed to the Pump Handle.

The Tourniquet derives its name from the instrument used by surgeons to decrease the circulation of blood. One may perform this by clasping the hand of one's prey as far in one's hand as possible and then contracting the muscles of the thumb and palm to produce the degree of pressure necessary to produce a sharp crack in the victim's hand.

Passing notice and definition should be given to the Cordial Grapple, a hearty, boisterous agitation of one's friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure and loud exclamations of welcome.

The form known as the Prude is monopolized by ladies. While defying exact scientific description owing to the many prevalent subclassifications, let it suffice to point out that under no circumstances shall any point above the second joint of any finger be touched.

While there are many other types that could also be listed, each may be split up into components of those defined above.

Although it might be apropos to attempt to prove a correlation between the hand shake and the character of the person executing it, I have spotted a friend addicted to the Tourniquet approaching, necessitating that I do not further tire the hand about to enter mortal combat.

--Tim Tredwell
English IV

ON INCENTIVES

A PRIMARY INCENTIVE UNDERLIES NEARLY EVERY ACCOMPLISHMENT THAT MEN MAKE. WITHOUT INCENTIVES MEN WOULD SELDOM SEE ANY REASON TO WORK, LEARN, CREATE, BUILD, OR INVENT. THUS, THEY WOULD NOT PROGRESS. INCENTIVES MOTIVATE A MAN; THEY SPUR HIM ON WHEN HE IS READY TO GIVE UP.

MONEY IS THE MOST OBVIOUS INCENTIVE. ITS STRENGTH IS SHOWN IN THE CLAIM OF MANY PEOPLE THAT THEY "WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY." MUCH OF THE WORLD'S COMMONPLACE LABOR IS DONE WITH MONEY AS THE ONLY INCENTIVE. PEOPLE NEED MONEY TO BUY THE FOOD, CLOTHING, AND SHELTER THAT THEY DESIRE, SO THEY WILL WORK TO EARN. HOWEVER, WHILE MONEY WILL KEEP MANY PEOPLE SUFFICIENTLY MOTIVATED TO WORK AT THEIR JOBS, IT CANNOT BE COMPLETELY DEPENDED UPON TO BUY PEOPLE'S LOYALTY. MACHIAVELLI CAUTIONED PRINCES AGAINST USING MERCENARY SOLDIERS FOR THIS REASON. MONEY IS ONLY MATERIAL WEALTH, AND IN THE LAST ANALYSIS PEOPLE WILL NOT RISK THEIR LIVES FOR IT.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS HAVE RECOGNIZED THE GIVING OF GRADES AS AN EFFECTIVE INCENTIVE FOR STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT. THIS CASE IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF THE EFFECT OF INCENTIVES ON MANKIND. THEORETICALLY, STUDENTS ATTEND SCHOOLS TO LEARN. HOWEVER, IF TEACHERS DID NOT GIVE GRADES, PROBABLY ALL BUT THE INTELLIGENT STUDENTS WOULD STOP TRYING TO LEARN. THROUGH THE GIVING OF GRADES PUPILS ARE MOTIVATED TO DO BETTER WORK, AND IN MOST CASES THEY LEARN MORE. IN A GOOD SCHOOL, A STUDENT WHO IS WORKING HARD ENOUGH TO ATTAIN "A'S" IS ALSO BECOMING EDUCATED WHETHER HE REALLY MEANS TO OR NOT. WORKS OF ART AND INVENTIONS DEVELOP FROM INCENTIVES. OFTEN THE ARTIST'S INCENTIVE IS THE DESIRE FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE WORLD. THE INVENTOR'S AMBITION IS OFTEN SPARKED BY THE NEED FOR AN ITEM. THE INCENTIVE THAT SPURS ON BOTH ARTIST AND INVENTOR IS THE DESIRE TO DO SOMETHING THAT HAS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE. THIS HOPE ALSO SPURS ON MANY AN ATHLETE TO BREAK PREVIOUS RECORDS OF ACHIEVEMENT.

THE INCENTIVE THAT I BELIEVE IS TRUEST AND HAS THE MOST VALUE IS THE DESIRE TO MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY. MEN ARE HUMAN, AND TO MOST OF THEM, ANOTHER PERSON'S HAPPINESS ACTUALLY MEANS MORE THAN ANYTHING MATERIAL OR MONETARY. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT ALL MEN CANNOT BE MOTIVATED BY THE DESIRE TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE MADE HAPPY. MEN ARE ALSO SELFISH, THOUGH, AND MONEY AND THE DESIRE FOR GREATNESS WILL CONTINUE TO BE FAR MORE POWERFUL INCENTIVES THAN THE HOPE FOR SOME OTHER PERSON'S HAPPINESS.

--CAROL DICMAS
ENGLISH IV

THE APATHY OF RELIGION

THE DE-EMPHASIS OF RELIGION AND THE EMPHASIS OF THE MATERIALISTIC IN RECENT YEARS HAVE CREATED A TREND TOWARDS CONFORMITY AND MORAL COWARDICE. RELIGION IS, IN ITSELF, AN EXPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY THROUGH GOD AND PROVIDES THE MORAL COURAGE ESSENTIAL FOR A SUCCESSFUL PERSONALITY.

IN MODERN AMERICA, SCIENCE AND THE NUCLEAR ARMS RACE HAVE BECOME THE MAJOR CENTERS OF CONCERN FOR WHAT COULD BE TERMED THE AVERAGE CITIZEN. BECAUSE TECHNOLOGY NOW RETAINS THE CONTROL OF THE SURVIVAL OR DESTRUCTION OF CIVILIZATION, RELIGION AND RELATED SUBJECTS HAVE BECOME FIELDS OF RELATIVELY LITTLE IMPORTANCE. BECAUSE THEIR ROLE IS INDIRECT AND INVOLVES THE SERIOUS CONTEMPLATION AND DEVOTION OF A PERSON, RELIGION AND ITS RELATED SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN CONSISTENTLY OVERLOOKED.

SCIENCE HAS BECOME THE GUIDING INFLUENCE OF EACH PERSON'S LIFE. THAT PERSON IS TOO CONCERNED WITH TEMPORARY SATISFACTION THAN WITH LATER SPIRITUAL FULFILLMENT, AND HE CLINGS TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY AS HIS "RELIGION." IN ORDER TO REMOVE ANY TRACES OF THE UNDESIRABLE THEOLOGICAL BELIEFS, "SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH" HAS REFUTED THE BASIC PRINCIPLES AND EVENTS OF THE BIBLE. GREED AND THE DESIRE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION HAVE BEEN SUBSTITUTED FOR FAITH.

THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE HAS FURTHER BEEN AIDED BY GOVERNMENT ACTIONS. DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT HAVE LIMITED OR TOTALLY PROHIBITED ANY PRACTICE OF ANY TYPE OF RELIGION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. RELIGION HAS NEVER BEEN AN ISSUE OF CONTENTION IN SCHOOLS AND HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TAUGHT IN THE PAST. WHY, THEN, HAS IT SUDDENLY BECOME A CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE?

THE ANSWER LIES IN THE REALIZATION THAT THE AMERICAN SOCIETY HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN FACED WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF TOTAL RAPID DESTRUCTION. AT AN AGE WHEN RELIGION SHOULD BECOME THE DOMINANT FACTOR IN THE LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING, SCIENCE HAS BECOME THE "RELIGION" AND THE GREEDY DESIRE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION HAS BECOME THE "FAITH"; AND TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO SUBJECT THEMSELVES TO THE COMMANDS OF SCIENCE, DISREGARDING THE ACTUAL COST TO THEMSELVES AND OTHERS. THE OVER-ALL SENSE OF VALUES HAS BECOME ONE OF TEMPORARY MATERIALISM. THESE PERSONS ARE WILLING TO CONFORM AND LOSE THE ASSET OF INDIVIDUALITY FOR THE SELFISH REASONS THAT RELIGION ASPIRES TO CORRECT.

THE DESIRED EFFECT OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY HAS BEEN SUBTLY PERPETRATED ON MODERN THINKING AND HAS FILLED ITS RESULTING SPIRITUAL VACUUM WITH "SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT." THE ACTUAL PRACTICE OF SUCH "THOUGHT," HOWEVER, HAS AND WILL CREATE AN UNDERLYING THREAT TO THE PROGRESS OF ANY MAN: THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF AN OVER-ALL SENTIMENT OF UNCORRECTABLE APATHY.

--LAUREL TENNEY
ENGLISH IV